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THE
HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

“What so sweet
So beautiful on earth, and Ah! so rare,
As kindred love, and family repose!”

Young.

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THE

HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

CHAP. I.

AS that part of the Austrian force, to which the younger Leopoldstat belonged, was considered as a body of reserve for the army of observation, lining the bank of the Adige, it was still in its former cantonments, when hostilities commenced in Italy: Demetrius therefore, was yet reposing among the sweets of hospitable friendship.

It was now the month of March; in that enchanting climate, Spring's magic touch had already transformed the icy trees, and snowy hills, into green bowers, and fragrant beds. The song of the nightingale, the smell of violets and fruit-blossoms, greeted the wanderer in his walks: the blue arch of heaven, was cloudless; and the star of evening, rose upon nights of warm serenity.

The Duchess di Felieri eager to promote the innocent cheerfulness of her grand-daughter, proposed a moonlight water party, which the mild season rendered by no means imprudent. She had a tincture of the romantic, in her character, and it shewed itself in this selection of a pleasure.

Her plan was zealously embraced, not only by Wurtzburgh and Demetrius, but also by some Venetian ladies then visiting Constantia. The party was arranged at dinner; and the gentlemen leaving the rest of the company to take their siesta, repaired to their quarters to execute some trivial professional business, and collect a few more officers.

In searching among his papers for some flute-music, with which he meant to refresh his memory, Demetrius accidentally encountered a sonnet, which he had written in the very meridian of his passion for Madame de Fontainville: he seized it with trembling hands, and a pang of exquisite regret quivered through his heart, while he involuntarily read these lines.—

TO ZAIRE.

In thought of thee run all my days to waste !—

I seek no more, to win the wreath of fame,
But sunk in dreams of love, forget the taste
Of bookish study, or of glory's aim :

Each foregone purpose of my soul, defac'd,
I strive no longer Valour's meed to claim;
I shun the social train by Science grac'd,
Reckless of who may praise, or who may blame,
Past is the wish to be for aught renown'd:
Like a vain shadow has it fled away—
Gone is the vacant mind, which lately found
Delight, in converse with the wise or gay!
Thou, thou alone, my mind's companion art;
My books, thy letters; my soul's prize, thy heart!

Demetrius held the sonnet some time after he had read it, gazing on the lines without seeing them; without seeing any-thing in short, but a long train of former feelings which had been too fatally-transporting, to be remembered without emotion.

From recollection of the past, his thoughts turned to the present; roving over distressing conjectures about the ill-fated Zaire. He knew she lived and was in England, surrounded by friends: but upon the state of her heart, Charles had hitherto preserved an impenetrable silence. His own, throbb'd an agonizing assurance that she was more faithful than he.

Man is a mass of contradictions! for Demetrius now became profoundly sad, only because he was no longer miserable.

With a countenance as changed as his spirits, he rejoined Wurtzburgh: complaining of an excessive

head-ach which plea he was again forced to urge at the Lodge.

The Duchess would have put an end to the expected entertainment, had he not declared that air and gaiety were always specifics with him, and at the same time professed to have found benefit from a cooling essence, which the Princess herself had held on his forehead.

The boat was announced soon after.—The little party took some refreshments on board, and unanimously voting against attendants, commenced their aquatic tour. It was on a narrow, deep stream, which originating among some mountains, flowed across the Bellunese, and mingled its waters with the Livenza near Felieri.

The boat gliding rapidly along, bore them through dark romantic banks, rich with the foliage of the willow, and the light forms of the poplar and laburnum. The moonlight tracked their path through the rippling water; the balmy air was filled with the breathings of flowers; and a solitary nightingale warbled its melancholy lay among the peach-blossoms of a neighbouring garden.

Constantia was seated beside Demetrius. She caught some of his pensiveness; and while the rest of the groupe were laughing and talking, they only, sat buried in contemplation.

The Princess sighed--

“Does this beautiful scene, make you melan-

choly?" asked Demetrius, withdrawing his eyes from the moon upon which they were before fixed.—"Yes it does:" she replied, sighing again; "and I know not why. Perhaps the secret influence of the idea that all these things are passing away; that this glorious world, yon beautiful planet, must all, one day, perish.—How mournful is the thought of decay!" "Mournful indeed!" returned Demetrius. "This idea embitters every pleasure which does not flow from the admiration of a virtue, or the indulgence of an affection: but these, are things which decay not—these are things over which, time and death will have no power!"

Constantia turned rapidly round at the ardent tone of his voice; and their eyes, equally flashing with enthusiasm, met and retreated.

She then sank into silence; which was only interrupted by the low, frequent sighs of her companion. His enthusiasm was over: for he remembered that affection could decay, as well as material objects.

The Duchess was sitting at a distance, wrapt up in a mantle of fur and velvet, which defended her even from the refreshing breeze: she was in such high spirits, and so pleased with the witty sallies of her Venetian friends and their military cicesbeo's, that she suffered the romantic pair, to poetize, as she conjectured, on the nightingale.

At the first agreeable spot adapted for their

purpose, they landed. It was a little green recess formed into an amphitheatre by tall trees: there the young men spread their pelisses for carpets, produced fruits, cakes and wine; and this simple supper, seasoned with mirth and graced by beauty, seemed more delightful to the fair Venetians, than all the pageantries of their native carnival.

One of these ladies, separated Demetrius from Constantia, and by the vivacity of her conversation, enlivened his. Strong colouring and sprightly expression, were the charms of the Signora Marinelli. —The blushes of innocence and the illumination of sensibility, were the graces of Constantia. Though trifling with the Signora, Demetrius constantly found his eyes and thoughts wandering to the Princess.

Songs followed supper. The Italian ladies sang together, some enchanting harmonies, which their finished taste and skill rendered perfect. Constantia timidly yielded to the intreaty of her grandmother and sang alone.

The sweet stillness of the night, and the tender expression of every surrounding object, was in unison with her voice: its tones, ever low and melodious, flexible as her graceful form, and various as her character, were now doubly melodious from that complacent melancholy with which she was penetrated. She sang with less skill than the Venetians,

but her singing had a genius in it, that knew how to touch every chord of the human soul.

When she concluded, Demetrius alone spoke not : he could not join in the loud applause of the livelier party; but his eyes, half-veiled by their long lashes, were more than ever rivetted on her.

He was roused by a request from a brother-officer, that he would atone for the absence of his flute.

His rich mellow voice then gave exquisite expression to the recitative with which he prefaced an Italian melody.—It was like the far-off sound of a hautboy winding through rocks, or over water.

The effect was magical; and commendations, such as had often been lavished on him by his brother, proceeded from every tongue: Wurtzburgh hastily proposed returning; and the party unwillingly re-entered the boat.

The trees now rustled thickly above them, as they sailed along: the moon became thinly shaded by clouds, and a brisker current hurried them towards the Lodge. When its dome appeared in sight, Demetrius bent to the ear of Constantia: “Do you not think me insensible, cold-hearted, and tasteless?” said he.

“Insensible!” she repeated, “to what?”

“To that voice, which I should injure if I were to attempt its praise.”

“O! you are vastly gallant!” she exclaimed,

with one of her sweetest smiles: before she could proceed, a general scream from the other end of the boat, called their attention to one of the party that had fallen overboard.

The instant Demetrius saw it was Wurtzburgh, who could not swim, he hastily threw off his pelisse, and jumped into the river. The next moment they were both safe on the opposite bank.

There had not been time for a single fainting fit, or doubtless some one of the ladies, would have paid that compliment to the young Hussar. When the boat gained the place where they were, every voice was eager in congratulation.—“You were certainly born under a saving star, my friend!” whispered Constantia.

“If I am,” returned Demetrius, gaily, “I hope it will never prove its influence by making me *take to my heels*, when the enemy *take to their arms*.”

The Duchess after putting a civil enquiry to the dripping Colonel, turned to Demetrius—

“You have frightened me dreadfully, my dear Leopoldstat. For heaven’s sake don’t stand shivering there; walk home; run home, both of you!—to the Lodge I mean—you will catch your deaths.”

“Allons then, for a race!” cried Demetrius, and followed by the heavier Wurtzburgh, was the next moment seen entering the Lodge gates.

Wurtzburgh was so stunned by the terror of drowning, and the sense of what he owed Deme-

trius, that he could not endure his own feelings. He was a man, whom benefits only exasperated. In answer to the friendly ardour of his young companion, he wrung his hand, and muttered a few words, which the other's fancy translated into gratitude.

A change in their dress, was speedily effected: the Colonel was first equipped in a superb suit of the Prince of Nuremberg's, and Demetrius less solicitous about his looks than his comfort, assumed the robes of a Venetian senator, that had accidentally been left in the Felieri wardrobe, by a relation. There were plenty of other habits to chuse from; but Demetrius had a superstitious reverence for the dead, and revolted both from needlessly wearing the cloaths of a departed person, and from exciting, by such indiscretion, painful recollections in the mind of the Duchess.

Much mirth was the consequence of this whimsical selection. Wurtzburgh was rallied as unmercifully upon his foppery, as he had been upon his awkwardness; and spite of uncouth garments, perhaps the youth and beauty of Demetrius, were never more praised and admired, than on this eventful evening.

Though he thought nothing of an action to which he never affixed the idea of danger, being an admirable swimmer, the consciousness of having saved a life, even without personal risk, gave a quicker flow to his spirits; and so charming did this exhi-

laration make him appear in the eyes of the partial Constantia and her grandmother, that they parted from him (after he had resumed his own attire :) with evident unwillingness.

As they separated in the hall, Demetrius lingered behind his party, to kiss the hand of the Princess. He accompanied this action with a speech so sportive, that Constantia lightly pushing away his head from her hand, said archly.

“ Water intoxicates you, I find my friend ! while the poor Colonel seems to have been bathed in liquified lead : his rueful face all the night has quite amused me. Didn’t he roll about his baleful eyes, as if my uncle’s fine dress were the preparatory robe for an *Aûto de Fe* ? ”

“ Why to be sure, he *did* look

Grim as Don Quixote in the shades,
And grisly as the Knave of Spades : ”

replied Demetrius ; “ but misfortune ought to be sacred. So with that wise saw, and my impromptu couplet, I leave you, sweet Princess ; good night ! may your dreams be as delightful as yourself. ”

“ May your’s too ” — Constantia softly repeated, as she followed his flying figure with her eyes. She saw him join the other officers ; and while their glittering uniforms sparkled in the moonlight, and the sound of Leopoldstat’s lively voice, reached her ear, she exclaimed,

“My dear Demetrius!”

No sooner had the words escaped, than blushing, she looked hastily round, to see if any one witnessed this proof of regard: no one was there; and she rejoined the ladies with a light heart.

Demetrius was in a sound sleep the next morning, when Colonel Wurtzburgh drew back the curtains of his bed, and abruptly waking him, said, “Rise Leopolstat! the order of march is come, and we shall be off in an hour.”

These words, and the buz of troops without, the trampling of their horses feet, the noise of men running to and fro, with all the other accompaniments of military removals, was such a sudden transition from the peaceful dreams of Demetrius, that at first he could scarcely comprehend what they meant.

A few moments dispersed the vapours of sleep: he leaped out of bed, hastily threw on his cloaths, (which his eager feelings, half-joy and half-pain, made him fasten with difficulty,) called to his servant, gave him a few indispensable orders, and then ran off, to the Lodge.

By the time he reached Felieri, the tumultuous images of battles and sieges, the dazzling ones of martial renown, had given place to the probability of never more beholding the kind friends he was about to leave: before duty would again permit him to visit the Trevisane, the Duchess might be

dead, Constantia married, or he might not live to see that time : he might "fall in his first field."

Saddened by such unavoidable anticipations ; he entered the gallery leading to a breakfast-parlour, where he found Constantia duly posted at her accustomed window. As if it were possible for him to know why she was standing there, the artless Princess blushed, and stammered out an excuse : Demetrius was far from suspecting himself to be the object she watched ; and readily believed the attraction to lie in a beautiful groupe of trees, which the morning mist gradually clearing away, now partially developed.

They entered the room together : the Duchess and her visitors were still in their own chambers ; and Constantia seemed so peculiarly animated, that poor Leopoldstat knew not how to announce his departure. She had a multitude of ludicrous questions to ask about the plunging Colonel, as many new recreations to propose, and rallied him upon the conquest she declared his gallantry had made of the Signora Marinelli, with such sportive grace, that he threw himself silently on a seat, unable to share in, or to check her vivacity.

At length she perceived his depression : approaching him, she innocently lifted aside his hair, and looking earnestly in his eyes, said, "What is the matter, my dear Demetrius?"

The affectionate epithet which she now for the

first time gave to him, joined to her former gaiety (for gaiety has something emboldening in it;) produced a sudden impulse in Demetrius: he threw his arms hastily round her slender waist, and pressed her to him. "My dear Constantia,"—he repeated, and his full heart gave unutterable expression to the words.

Constantia as quickly withdrew her fingers from the rings of his fine hair, and gently chiding him, disengaged herself. There was nothing in her manner that reminded Leopoldstat of the Princess, but it was full of modest reproof.

"Forgive me," he cried, "amiable Constantia! I know you will, when I shall have told you that our regiment is to join the main army immediately. We march, in half an hour."

The Princess turning frightfully pale, hastened back to him. "Oh! heaven," she exclaimed, "and we are to lose you!—you are going into battle!"

Her fair face sunk on his shoulder as she spoke, and wetted it with tears. At this instant, the Duchess carried by her servant, entered the apartment.

A brief explanation was given by Demetrius: the Duchess wept, and repeatedly embraced her young preserver, as he knelt before her.

"I suffer in this way," said she, "I am vivacious to rejoice at having few beloved connec-

tions left : many friends, are but a quiver full of poisoned arrows, destined to give us more pain than pleasure. Now, shall we pay dearly, for all the happy hours we have passed together!—never-ceasing anxiety, prayers, and tears, must occupy us, till we see you again.”

Demetrius pressed his lips on her hand, with a devotion of gratitude that made silence eloquent. Constantia tried to smile, to comfort her grandmother : but at every effort, tears gathered afresh in her eyes, and the unfinished sentence of consolation, faltered on her tongue.

The Duchess opened a casket near her. “ Here is a present for you, my dear boy ! when these pictures were painted, at the time I made you sit for your’s, I intended them for this moment. Look at them often, and think of us.”

This present, was a circle of diamonds, framing in the opposite miniatures of the Duchess and her grandchild. Demetrius seized it with transport, and eagerly kissed them.

“ Oh ! how often I shall look at your picture :” cried the Princess, directing a glance to where it hung ; “ look now and then on mine : and don’t forget me !”

Demetrius without speaking, turned his glowing eyes upon her, as she pronounced the last words.

The sound of voices in the gallery, and some one’s approach : the Duchess folded for the

trius to her breast.—Immediately after, Constantia threw herself into his trembling arms, with all the unsuspectingness of pure affection. The old lady then hastily said. “Continue to love each other, my equally-dear children, and at my death, you shall find I have provided for your happiness.”

Neither of them had time to conjecture the meaning of this speech; for the Venetian ladies and Colonel Wurtzburgh entered.

While the sound of bugle-horns and the neighing of horses, proclaimed the march of the regiment, expressions of more than common regret, proceeded from the lips of the fair Venetians: Demetrius had a bow and a languid smile for every one of their cordial benedictions, but his heart was too full of sorrow to let them rest a moment on his mind.

Scarcely conscious of what he was about, he hurried through the apartments, and mounted his horse in the midst of a crowd of the domestics, whose unbought partiality, shewed itself in fervent blessings. As he shook hands with them all, his gracious but tearful smiles, destroyed the effect of Wurtzburgh’s showering gold.

Every officer now joined the line of march; and Demetrius was for the first hour, wildly gay: his thoughts absolutely ran away from their own scrutiny; and sought refuge from it, in this wretched vivacity.

The new situation of Wurtzburgh's regiment, which was brigaded with others, and encamped in the neighbourhood of Verona, opened a scene of pleasing novelty to Demetrius.

The activity of a camp, and the interest of actual service, contributed to restore his mind to its former tone : he was still so near his illustrious friends as to hear from them frequently, he was certain of their stability ; and he began to pant for an opportunity of increasing his claims on their esteem.

This opportunity was on the eve of occurring.

The French troops lining the banks of the Mincio, feeling themselves securely flanked by the important fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, were eager for battle : the Austrians upon the Adige, necessarily forced to defend it by a longer line, imperfectly sustained by mere intrenchments, were aware of their disadvantageous position ; yet not despondent.

To obtain the pillage of Verona, was the object of the Republicans : to defend that city, the hope of the Imperialists.

A vigorous attempt was soon made on this point, by the enemy ; and they succeeded in forcing every post before Verona and Pastrengo. Demetrius was in the column at Bevilaqua, that rapidly advancing, turned the tide of success.

He fought with ardour ; and distinguished himself as much, by the rapidity with which he com-

prehended and executed every new order, as by his undaunted intrepidity.

Wurtzburgh, in giving him a post of danger, had given him the post of honour: for at the termination of the action, General Kray publicly complimented his young countryman, upon his conduct.

From this period, his talents and courage, (though somewhat sullied by rashness); procured him the attention of his General: and after the renowned battle of the fifth of April, (in which, our young Hussar had two horses killed under him), Wurtzburgh saw another Charles in the person of Demetrius.

While he was coldly thanked, in the usual routine of business, or angrily passed by; his lieutenant was warmly applauded, and promoted with peculiar marks of favour.

Elated as Demetrius really was, with the universal approbation of his companions, nothing touched his heart so much, as a letter from his brother at Schaffhausen.

It contained a relation of his own military career in Suabia and the confines of Switzerland, and breathed the most affectionate solicitude for his safety: charging him to remember that he was now, the only source of his brother's happiness.

Demetrius caught new fire from the brilliant track of Charles; and with difficulty reined in an

ardour which precipitated him but too often into needless danger.

After his first engagement, he thought no more of gloomy forebodings. He now wrote to the Duchess di Felieri, in high spirits; eloquently described the different scenes in which he had acted; predicted fresh successes (springing from the influence of her affectionate patronage); and dwelt with rapture on the hour of peace or of truce, which would enable him to bring his early laurels into the sunshine of Princess Constantia's smiles.

To that secretly-cherished object, were all his views directed. Yet he would not allow himself to think so: though he kissed her picture at every solitary instant; dwelt with tumultuous but sweet confusion of thought, on the last words of his protectress; and often while thinking that the countenance which this picture represented, was lovelier than the Goddess of Spring, repeated to himself—"but it is her heart that I love; it is her heart."

An attachment like this, so pure and so delightful; an attachment that gave fresh energy to every virtue, had nothing in it to terrify Demetrius.

When so eminently favoured by her nearest relative, he was too young and inexperienced to calculate upon possible causes of misery: and he believed that to be permitted to love her, and think himself beloved, would make him fully blest.

The bright dawn of a spotless affection, rose

upon his soul, after a stormy and burning day of passion, a gloomy night of despair and remorse : how then, was it to be expected that he should avoid its cheering influence ?

After the battle of Magnon, the Austrian Generals, pursued the French forces, successively beyond the Tartaro, and the Cheisa : the Russian army now joined that of the Germanic empire, and the whole command devolved upon the iron-hearted, but ever-victorious Suwarrow.

Demetrius, still in the army of General Kray, went with the detachment which under this able commander, invested the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua. He was present at the reduction of both places ; and with him, rejoined the main army time enough to share in the decision of the bloody field of Novi.

It is well known, that to the rapid march of the Hungarian General upon that illustrious day, is to be attributed its happy event. In the daring charge, up the steep, wooded heights of Novi, Demetrius nobly distinguished himself. The cavalry being dismounted, he rushed forward on foot, at the head of his squadron, under a plunging fire that showered balls upon them, like hail. Just as the fate of the day was fixed, a shot struck him, and he fell.

Count Forsheim, whose regiment also was engaged, had his friend immediately conveyed into the rear, where he soon after followed ; and found

to his inexpressible satisfaction, that the wound was not mortal.

Universal concern surrounded the sick chamber of Demetrius: but he did not regret his wound, when he blushing listened to the commendations of his General, though they were mixed with some reproof of his rashness.

“ ’Tis a noble fault, however, young man,” said the veteran, shaking hands with him, and rising to depart. “ But as I won’t have it repeated; you must henceforth come under my immediate eye. The death of poor Mecronfeldt, gives me an opportunity of appointing you to be one of my *Aid-de-Camps*: Good morning! I shall now visit your surgeon, and see if he can find out a medicine for cooling a valour that has rather too much inflammation in it, for its owner’s safety: not that I should be sorry if your disease were somewhat catching.”

General Kray left the room while speaking, and Count Forshiem entered.

“ I have brought you, one charming restorative at least,” said he, “ here are letters for you: this is from your brother.”

The blood rushed into the before-pale face of our young hussar: he raised himself eagerly, and snatched the letters; for he saw the hands of Constantia and the Duchess.

Unconsciously afraid of Forshiem’s raillery, he laid those letters down, and opened that from Char-

les. As it contained an account of all that had occurred to him, from the period in which this narrative left him at Schaffhausen, it will be best to transcribe the letter.

CHAP. II.

Valley of the Reusse, AUG. 1799.

“MY DEAR BROTHER !

“ I have been now, above four months in Switzerland, and have written to you only once : had you not been engaged in active service, I would not have been so bad a correspondent. Sometimes we were expecting great events ; at other times, so occupied in following up the advantages they produced, that to sit calmly down, and take a pen, was impossible.

“ I have however, kept a sort of flying journal for you, which (when the campaign ends, and leaves me leisure to translate from short-hand, into more intelligible characters ;) may furnish you and me, with subjects to discuss, for many a peaceful evening.

“ How often have I wished, that fortune had destined us to make the campaign of Switzerland to-

gether! a campaign, so rich in stores of military knowledge! a campaign, upon which Europe rivets her eyes, and which posterity will retrace with emotions of awe! a campaign where each action is but a bold experiment; and commanders no longer the passive instruments of acknowledged rules, find in every victory, an honour peculiarly their own!

“To military men, Switzerland has hitherto been an unknown world; and now, every step they take in it, is a discovery.

“The war of plains and of rivers, and of fortified towns, (which till now, bounded my information;) is I find, but the initiatory principle of our art: it is in the war of mountains, that we learn its sublime mysteries.

“There, what before was the result of calculation, is the production of genius; what experience could once ascertain, grows unfixed and speculative; a wide range is left for every power, and the soul seems to find new powers for new objects. Combinations of attack, defence, and retreat, are varied as infinitely, as the forms of ground upon which they are tried: every thing becomes novelty, and enterprise.

“Certainly, man delights in strong emotion, and loves to contend with difficulties. Action, losing its dubiousness, to him loses its vivacity; and when the success of an operation may be pronoun-

ced on, by certain established data, his plans are finished ere they are begun. Obstacles therefore, only act as stimulants : and the tameness of regular marches, leisure approaches, long foreseen battles, (which attends ordinary campaigns :) vanishes before the watchful apprehension and active *prévoyance* exacted by this species of warfare.

“It is then, that war loses half its horror, by losing all its gloom : and in proportion as the game grows interesting, we almost forget the tremendous stake for which we throw—the lives of human beings !

“Let us not, however, quite forget it, my brother ! though Providence hath graciously given us the faculty of extracting pleasure even from horrors ; and by a multitude of opposite feelings, hath counterbalanced our instinctive abhorrence at the sight of destruction, let us not suffer this abhorrence to sink.

“The man that studies the military art, for any other purpose than that of saving lives, is unworthy the name of man. We must never get enamoured of what we ought to detest : for war should be our aversion though the study of it is our duty, and the glory attached to it our reward.

“Ours, is a profession destined to protect in peace and industry, our fellow-citizens :—a profession which, substituting skill and experience in the place of mere courage, spares the needless effusion

of blood. For, were there no established armies, were the inhabitants of a country to arm upon the irruption of an enemy, (setting aside the folly of not remembering that a spirited offensive, is often the only method of defence); every loss or gain, would then be the event of sheer fighting; and those that made the most slaughter would be the victors.

“ Now, under the present system of organized troops, a single manœuvre, ably conceived and promptly executed, frequently produces the bloodless conquest of whole battalions.

“ When the subject is thus contemplated I am astonished at the odium which our profession incurs from many enlightened classes of society. If they believe, preposterously believe, that there would be no wars, if there were no disciplined soldiers, of course they are justified in denouncing us: but I think they might as well go to prove that there would be no diseases, if there were no physicians. The roots of war are in the rank passions of the human heart; as we can never eradicate them, this baleful tree must remain: while all that is left us, is the attempt at confining its poisonous droppings, within as small a circle as possible.

“ If that man is deemed a benefactor of his species, who studies surgery, habituating his eyes to sights of horror, his hand to painful operations, for the sake of preventing greater suffering; I know

not how the candid can inveigh against the members of a profession, in which, a comparatively small body of men, from similar motives, take the whole portion of humanity's worst affliction upon themselves.

"Are we to seek for the reason of this inconsistency, in the envy of our fellow-creatures?—Do they begrudge us the praise of patriotism?—or is it to be found in the prevalent opinion, that whenever an action can only spring from the best or the worst motives, it is invariably to be attributed to the latter.

"Leaving you Demetrius, to settle this point or not, just as you please, I will return to my subject.

"Without an eye for embracing at one glance, a vast coup d'œil, and retaining a distinct map of it, in his memory, a soldier here, might as well have no eyes at all: I have found my habit of exercising this sense, so essentially serviceable, that I earnestly recommend you to pursue the same plan, wherever you go, and however insipid the country may appear.—Believe me, if a soldier has not every sense alert, as well as every mental faculty, he will never shine in practice, whatever he may do in theory.

"Nothing could have been more fortunate, than my having been in Switzerland eight years ago. How little did I then think, that this majestic tem-

ple of liberty, which I entered with so much devotion ; and which, for near three centuries, had stood like a holy thing, unapproached by the fiend of war ; that this sanctuary of peace and virtue, should be profaned by the impious apostates of France ! Even now, I feel guilty of sacrilege, as I tread its sacred precincts ; and can hardly be reconciled to myself, for unsheathing the defensive sword, among such consecrated scenes.

“ Switzerland was the modern Arcadia. It was an exquisite fragment, preserved to shew us, what this world *had been*.

“ There, the philanthropist went from the frightful images of crime and animosity, presented by every other land, to console himself with the spectacle of a moral phenomenon ; a people brave, yet peaceful ; poor, yet content ; ignorant, yet susceptible of every tender and social feeling.

“ Good God ! and was such a people to be annihilated ? — Were they to be torn from their tranquil enjoyments, and sacrificed to the demon Cruelty, by his fierce ministers Fire, Famine, and the Sword ? — Was their hitherto-adamantine zone, (that gigantic chain of Alps which had so long bound in their happiness) ; to be burst asunder by the storm of war, and turned into one vast engine for their destruction ! — Where the Glaciers rose in sacred stillness, protecting vallies that resounded the cheerful songs of industry, was the steely glare of armed

multitudes to blind their startled sight ; and the din of sanguinary rage, to awaken those echoes, that had slept in an unbroken trance from the creation of the world?

“ Forgive me this rhapsody, Demetrius.—

“ Public report will have given you so brilliant an account of our progress here, that it is not necessary for me to do more than intreat that you will not fall into the vulgar error of censuring Prince Charles for having halted as it were, on the threshold of Switzerland, after his early successes at Stochach and Schaffhausen.

“ You know not how he is fettered and circumscribed by councils and court intrigues ; how his judicious projects are traversed by an ungrateful faction, that would thus drive their good angel from him. To penetrate further into a country already exhausted of the means for supporting troops, before provisions were brought from other places, and magazines formed, would have been madness : these were delayed from day to day ; and the most scandalous neglect was suffered to prevail amongst a set of men, over whom the Prince had no authority. It was necessary also, that the plans chalked out for Generals Bellegarde and Hotze, should have succeeded, before any progress could be safely attempted here. No sooner had they put us in possession of the Grisons and the sources of the Rhine, than the Arch-duke struck the meditated blow.

“Our conquest of the entrenched camp that defended Zurich ; and the defeat of Massena, will for ever silence the clamours of ignorant impatience. Prince Charles, in that attack, displayed all the qualities of a consummate General. Never shall I forget his energy, his intrepidity, his undisturbed presence of mind !

“Immediately after this important event, I was generously rewarded for my poor services, with the command of a regiment, and sent to join the troops in Uri. There, my topographical knowledge was thought more needful, than in the less intricate canton of Zurich.

“The engagements that have taken place since, though uniformly successful, might have been so, at such an inferior rate, that I cannot help noticing the evils, of our present system, and lamenting our obstinate adherence to what may be called a splendid error.

“In a region of rocks and torrents, ice and clouds, none but the Arch-duke could extract success from an army organized like ours : certainly Marshal Lascy did Austria an irreparable injury, when he sacrificed her light troops, to his passion for uniformity. We now experience the ill effects of such a change.

“The French seem to have foreseen how often they would have to contend in mountainous countries, and have perfected this part of their force ;

have multiplied their sharp-shooters and chasseurs, without number; whilst we remain just what we were fifty years ago.

“In spite of our victories here, and in Italy, I cannot forbear thinking, that the imposing grandeur of our army, is an unsolid magnificence: at least it is a magnificence which cumbers its usefulness. The heavy strength of our long lines of troops, our extended chains of posts, our enormous pieces of ordnance, our saturnine coolness, and never-to-be-displaced attention to rule, will at last be found an insufficient opposition to the deep columns of the French, (which pierce our line like so many battering-rams :) their sudden attack upon twenty different points at the same instant, their flying artillery, and that enviable facility with which their unrestricted Generals pass from one mode of warfare to another.

“Our habits ought to be changed, to frustrate this novel practice of our enemy.

“Let us give our commanders more power, and more responsibility at the same time, and I think affairs would be better conducted.

“Pondering upon this subject makes me wonder that no able person has yet thought of writing, (what would be a very useful work for us young soldiers); a History of War as a Science: commencing at the time of Epaminondas, when it first ceased to be blind slaughter, and advanced towards

an art ; pursuing it through all its changes, in every age, down to our own period ; in which a new system has suddenly risen above the military sphere, like a lawless comet, dimming every star, with its amazing and portentous brightness.

“ You will perhaps marvel at my filling a letter with professional remarks, instead of describing the scenery by which I am surrounded.

“ Believe me I am so far from insensible to it, that it presses upon my heart as well as my eyes : but every new discovered charm, only makes me witness with greater horror, the seas of blood which even now deluge its majestic beauties.

“ The frightful discordance of armies and battles, with pastures so lovely, mountains so sublime, forces me to divert my thoughts from what they dwelt on eight years ago, with holy transport. It is not however, always in my power to do this : I was a fortnight ago charmed into complete forgetfulness of destruction.

“ It was as my regiment was going to occupy a new position in Glarus.

“ Our march, led over some of the dreariest mountains in that canton, where forests of gloomy pine impervious to day, and naked rocks unclothed even by mosses, were rendered doubly drear, by the stillness of midnight.

“ Not a sound, save that of our own measured steps, was heard in this fearful solitude.

“The troops traversed it in silence, and with haste: We then climbed over still wilder heights, and winding down a precipitous defile, (whose enormous trees met over our heads) suddenly entered a valley, where the most glorious spectacle I ever beheld, presented itself.

“The moon was shining brightly upon a range of stupendous but verdant mountains; above which, towered the Glaciers of Schwitz, and Glarus, like ramparts of glittering steel. Three mighty water-falls fell without a single interruption, from the tops of the highest steeps, prone at once to their feet; where sweeping over huge trees and masses of rock, they poured their united torrents through the valley, with a din like thunder.

“The splendid light of the moon upon the cataracts and the Glaciers; (for never did she seem so bright to me before); the emerald greenness of the woods, and the vivid colours of the Alpine plants blooming among their roots; the intense blue of the sky; and the sublime, unmixed ‘sound of rushing waters,’ (the troops having halted); rendered this scene one of the noblest that imagination can conceive.

“So magnificent a sight, seemed to have been created for none but Gods to look on: I stood awe-struck; and almost feared to proceed.

“Even at this moment, Demetrius, I am surrounded by a region of enchantment.

“ While all beneath lies dark and shadowy; (the forests, the lakes, and the vallies): empurpled clouds, floating above the wood-tops, serve for the base of aerial structures, that rise in gorgeous beauty towards heaven.

“ Palaces and castles, islands and seas of transparent ice, endless in their fantastic forms, and glowing colours, seem creating themselves before me. The sun setting opposite to the Glaciers, produces this magic pageant: the tints of the rose and the violet, succeed each other on their inaccessible summits. These hues, shift from pinnacle to pinnacle, alternately transforming them into vast blocks of sapphire, amethyst, and ruby.

“ It is here, that imagination finds materials for her world. Sometimes she fancies the triple row of snow-covered Alps, (between which, spread broad green lakes :) the encampment of the giants when they threatened heaven: sometimes she sees in the Glaciers, ranks of embattled angels, whose beamy helmets shine among the stars: and sometimes at the break of day, when grey mists slowly roll from their dripping sides, partially unveiling an indistinct outline, she takes them for spirits of the waters, vapoury genii; of cataracts and lakes, standing in silent grief, over their desolated land.

“ Beholding all this grandeur and misery, even such a sober fellow as I, cannot help exclaiming—
O Switzerland, beautiful Switzerland! and hast

thou at last been violated by the brutal demon Ambition !

“ Your exclamation, doubtless, would be in poetry : mine alas ! must for ever remain prose.

“ Every express we receive from the army of Italy, brings me fresh reason to exult in my brother : Sweeter to me is this early incense, than all the gales of Arabia. I know you victorious over deadlier enemies than any to be encountered in the field of war ; and I listen, consequently, with the fullest satisfaction, to the fame which you have more than earned.

“ Since my last letter—nay, only ten days ago, I was surprized with a present from my incognita : a charger, of uncommon beauty. It was delivered to my servant at head quarters, with a letter, by a Swiss peasant, who went off without waiting to be interrogated.

“ I could easily have had this fellow brought back : nay, the horse itself, and my ring, might by proper enquiries, ascertain the generous giver : were it not, that delicacy makes it a point of conscience not to penetrate a mystery which can never have a serious influence over my destiny. I wait the amiable lady’s time : though I confess, the assurance she gives me in this last epistle of soon removing her obscuring veil, excites some little emotion.

“ Whoever she be, her goodness and munifi-

cence, entitle her to my warmest gratitude ! She has it. More, I fear she will never have.

“ This acceptable present having rendered my former charger useless, I sold him two days since to the General. His good looks and good conduct, made him sell for twice what I paid for him ; and as you had the principal trouble of his education, I send you half the sum.

“ Let me have no unkind refusal, or sending back of this enclosure. Hasty marches always produce unavoidable expenses, which you will painfully feel, unless you borrow of your brother.—At any rate, I presume Italy is not barren of objects for charity, and if you refuse to employ this trifle in getting yourself a bottle of tolerable wine after hours of exhaustion, you cannot with decency decline using it for others.

“ I have just heard from our friends in England: *They* are well.

“ Adieu, my dear Demetrius ; my thoughts are always with you.—Ah no ! not always ; I have not yet quite subdued the folly of unavailing thoughts about another.

“ When you write to your illustrious Patroness, present my offering of respect to Princess Constantia. What a happy evening was that, on which I first saw her !—but it is not in character for a sol-

dier, surrounded by death, to sigh over the remembrance of delicate assemblies.

Farewel.

Your affectionate

CHARLES."

Folding down the last paragraph, Demetrius put this letter into Forshiem's hand, bidding him read it: the Count's prompt obedience then gave him an opportunity of perusing those from Felieri.

They were such, as the tenderest mother, and fondest sister would have written: they were full of praises; and intréaties that he would expose himself less to danger. In one part Constantia wrote—

"I could hate myself for being gratified with the eulogiums bestowed on you, when I remember, that to deserve these eulogiums, you are perpetually risking a life, precious to every one.

"Ah! you know not how dear you are, to my beloved grandmamma! she talks of you incessantly; and had not the courier from my brother, who brought us the news of the victory, brought a letter from you also, I believe she would not have survived the shock we sustained in hearing of your wound. Certainly she likes you more than she does me: and yet, I am not in the least jealous; for I would rather have you loved by the whole world,

than be loved myself. And this is very natural, you know, because it is to you I owe both my own life, and that of my grandmamma.”

In these few last lines, the artless Princess unknowingly displayed the force and nature of her affection. Her sentiment found an answering one in the heart of Demetrius, where a secret suspicion of the truth was now softly kindling.

Sighing from excess of delight, he fell into a reverie ; and his eyes swimming in tenderness, remained fixed on the letter.

Count Forshiem made it a point of conscience never to extract the secrets of his nearest friends, either by intreaty or raillery : nay, he now carried this delicacy so far, as to avoid looking at the expression of young Leopolstat’s features. Apparently absorbed in Charles’s letter, he appeared unconscious of his companion’s emotion, and as soon as he had read it through, hastily uttered a friendly comment, and retired.

A few days after this, the young Aid-de-camp was well enough to enter upon his new and honourable post ; his brother-officers greeted his recovery with demonstrations of cordial good-will ; and the Prince of Nuremberg, whose regiment had signaled itself at Novi, did him the favour of paying him a cold compliment.

After the reduction of Tortona; and subsequent departure of the Russian army for Switzerland ;

nothing particular occurred to Demetrius until the end of autumn. His squadron was then engaged in the valley of the Bormida; where he providentially rescued a French officer from being butchered in cold blood, by a Croat.

The officer gashed, and weltering, faintly trying to avert a weapon already at his breast, presented the most frightful spectacle. Demetrius commanded the soldier to desist, and had the fainting prisoner borne to his own quarters.

There this unhappy person was found so dreadfully wounded, as to be incapable of speech. Part of his jaw, had been carried off by a musquet ball, and his body was mangled with sabres.

Painfully susceptible of compassion, Demetrius forgot the lawless Republican, in the dying man, and attended him as assiduously as he would have done a friend. During this attendance he received another letter from Felieri; after which he was surprised by a visit from the Prince of Nuremberg.

"I come Sir," said the Prince haughtily seating himself, while the other was standing, "I come to satisfy myself on a point which it is of the utmost consequence to my honour to ascertain.

"In the packets of letters which I find my courier to and from Felieri, has also brought for you, pray do you ever receive any from the Princess Constantia of Nuremberg."

Demetrius had some difficulty in moderating

his voice, as he replied to the tone of defiance with which this question was put: "Never but once, Sir, had I that honour."

"Shew me the letter!"

At this hasty command, Demetrius surveyed the Prince from head to foot, and then turned calmly away. Surprised into the keenest contempt, he forgot his relationship to Constantia.

"Shew me the letter Sir," repeated the Prince.

Demetrius had then recovered himself.

"I would not willingly deny the Prince of Nuremberg any favour in my poor power to grant; but a letter is in my opinion too sacred a deposit to be thus shewn at the mere voice of authority. To the amiable writer of the one in question, I refer your Highness; confident that she will not hesitate to avow the merely-benevolent interest which she takes in the life of a man, who once had the happy fortune of preserving her's."

"You know how to over-rate yourself, I perceive Sir;" rejoined the Prince, "surely that *vast* debt was paid long ago? I offered you my patronage and protection, neither of which, you chose to accept. No—it was more for your interest to flatter a rich old woman already in a convenient state of dotage, and an indiscreet girl not yet out of her childhood, into"—

"Hold Sir!" exclaimed Demetrius, darting on him a look of indignation; "not even your rank

shall authorize you to treat with scorn, in my presence, names so sacred to me."

"And do you presume to place yourself on a level with the Prince of Nuremberg?"

"No!" retorted Demetrius, with imprudent bitterness, "for the Prince of Nuremberg when he forgets that a high station demands higher virtues, and condescends to insult and brave an inferior, sinks below him!"

At this cutting reproof, the Prince became choked with rage: he grasped the hilt of his sword, passionately advancing with an enflamed countenance towards the young Count: then suddenly exclaiming, "Scoundrel!" struck him a blow on the face.

Demetrius retreated a few steps, as if to prevent himself from annihilating the despicable Nuremberg; all his body shook with a passion tenfold in magnitude to that of his opponent's; momentarily giving the reins to it, he returned the blow with a force, which brought his insulter to the ground.

At that juncture, the entrance of Forshiem, gave a check to their mutual rage. Breathing nothing but vengeance, the Prince hastily rose, and left the place.

On his departure Forshiem questioned Demetrius upon the cause of so extraordinary a scene: he excused himself from motives of delicacy.

"The affair," he said, "is completely that of

the Prince of Nuremberg, and as such it should remain secret with me, unless he be candid enough, to acknowledge it himself. He struck me ; I struck him : my honour is now satisfied."

"I tremble for the consequence," exclaimed the Count, "my dear Leopoldstat if you have erred through a too-inflammable spirit, one small concession."——

"Would be infamous !" cried Demetrius. "No Forshiem, by heaven !—if to hear the woman most venerated, and the woman most loved, named with derision ; if to be accused of the basest meanness, and imperiously commanded—but hold !—I have almost lost myself again—suffice it, I received ample provocation ; and though it should cost me the possession of all I hold precious on earth, never shall my coward tongue pronounce an apology to which my conscience would give the lie."

Demetrius traversed the room as he spoke, with hasty steps: his cheeks burned.—Forshiem seriously regarded him.

"You may carry delicacy too far ;" he observed, "without I know the real state of this case, it will be impossible for me to serve you as I wish. Would you tell me the circumstances, I might avail myself of the consideration with which the Prince always treats me, and urge *him* to apologize."

"Urge a Greenland bear !" exclaimed Deme-

trius, "the one stupid and ferocious beast, is just as accessible as the other. But I promise you this, Ferdinand, if he challenge me, and you consent to be my second, I will then state the whole affair to you."

Forsheim was proceeding to speak, when a nobleman in the suite of Nuremberg, was announced.

This gentleman brought a fiery challenge from the latter. Forshiem used every argument to dissuade his friend from meeting this rash man, but Demetrius was too jealous of his reputation and too keenly stung by the unmanly accusation of the Prince, to listen to any compromise. He dismissed the nobleman with his ready acquiescence to the proposal of their meeting an hour after, at the skirt of a wood, some distance from the lines.

When the parties met, and the usual preliminaries were settled, the advantage of a first fire, fell by lot to Demetrius :—He discharged his pistol in the air. "What do you mean, Sir?" exclaimed the impatient Prince.

"I mean to shew you, Sir," replied the other firmly, that I abhor the idea of deliberate murder. The disgrace of having received a blow, is, in my opinion, cancelled by having returned it : I therefore am satisfied : and if you are not, I stand here, to let you take satisfaction."

"Then, thus, I take it, coward !" exclaimed the

Prince, hastily firing off his pistol: the ball took effect, and Demetrius fell.

Every drop of blood, now deserted the horror-struck features of Nuremberg; by this rash act, he had endangered, if not his life, his military rank and reputation. Disdaining however to quit the scene, he advanced to Demetrius who was now supported on the bosom of Forshiem, and sinking with loss of blood.

“I am heartily sorry for this!” burst involuntarily from Nuremberg. Demetrius unclosed his heavy eyes, and stretched out his hand to him with a smile of amity: The Prince took it.

“Fear nothing!” said Demetrius, in a low, gasping voice; “the circumstances of this affair are known only to ourselves; if I die, Forshiem will let them die with me.”

Overpowered with this generous conduct, but not softened, the Prince remained silent. Demetrius was then conveyed to the nearest house, where a surgeon was sent for to dress his wound.

The report of this gentleman was favourable; the ball had only penetrated the thigh, without injuring a vital part.

This business had been so rapidly concluded, that few persons suspected the truth, when they were told next morning that young Count Leopoldstat was confined with a fever. His General (to whom Forshiem upon being questioned had confes-

sed every particular), was so well satisfied with the conduct of Demetrius, and so shocked at the fierce animosity of Nuremberg, that he would have passed a public censure, had not Forshiem by his friend's desire, requested he would lay aside such a design, and affect ignorance of the transaction. The General reluctantly consented ; nominating the Prince of Nuremberg, to the command of an advanced post, in order to have him removed from the sight of his young Aid-de-camp.

In the pain of his own wound, Demetrius did not forget to inquire after his prisoner, who still lived, but whose frequent convulsions predicted a speedy dissolution. As he was delirious, no one had as yet learnt his name ; though his dress bespoke him an officer of rank.

Just as Demetrius was sending to ask after him, a week subsequent to the duel, he received the following letter from the Duchess di Felieri.—

“ I have received so strange and obscure a letter from my nephew, that I must apply to you for an explanation of it.—What has happened between you?—It seems as if he had been questioning you upon the degree of regard which my Constantia bears towards you : She will not shrink from avowing that regard believe me, my dear boy. I think I know both your hearts, and shall not act wrong in requesting you to visit us immediately after the army go into winter-quarters. If it is necessary,

I will write to obtain the General's promise for that purpose ; I will then cheat my nephew into meeting you : when, if I don't make you friends, at least I shall hope to place your conduct in the most honourable light, and to insure your future happiness.

“ The courier waits : leaving me only time to assure you of the unalterable gratitude and friendship of the Princess and

COLOMBA FELIERI.”

The emotion of Demetrius upon reading this letter, was so great, as to make him feel sick and faint. He could not mistake the generous intention of the Duchess, nor refuse to believe himself sufficiently dear to the Princess, to authorize him in hoping she might resist any wish of her uncle's, to unite her with another.

At this ecstatic thought, his heart throbbed wildly. He held the insensible paper to his lips, and forgot in the bright views of the future, all his past sorrows.

The abrupt entrance of Colonel Wurtzburgh, put a period to these raptures.

Wurtzburgh and he, were still associates, though their excessive intimacy had much abated : Demetrius no longer confided any thing to him, and the dissembling Colonel appeared to fancy he had nothing to confide.

The face of Wurtzburgh was at this period "full of strange matter;" the first communication of which nearly overpowered his unfortunate auditor.

Some prisoners lately brought into camp, had recognized the hitherto-unknown Republican, as General de Fontainville, the husband of Zaire. The wretched man, was now breathing his last, in an adjoining tent.

For a few moments, Demetrius could not speak: The name of Madame de Fontainville, and the certainty of her husband's death, gave a mortal blow to every hope, and palsied even thought.

The Colonel meanwhile, maliciously ran on with congratulations, and descriptions of his friend's future felicity: with rejoicings for the exiled Zaire, and a multitude of other expressions equally cruel, yet equally specious.

At last Demetrius besought him to be left alone. "My spirits are very weak to-day," he said, "or I would not ask this. For either the shock of grief or the shock of joy, I was quite unprepared.—Leave me to my own reflections."

The Colonel seeing the sting he had planted, withdrew exultingly.

Demetrius sat motionless after he was gone, in the attitude of profound meditation: his eyes were fixed; and a frightful calm, stilled the very pulsation of his heart. Yet he was incapable of reason-

ing: his thoughts stretched in vain to grasp even a single object—they retained nothing—all was illusive—all was fleeting!

A confused notion of being for ever severed from Constantia, and for ever bound to Madame de Fontainville, was the only stationary idea. He muttered now and then to himself, as if in a delirium; and frequently he smiled: but it was the smile of despair.

Many hours passed away, before he could be said to reflect: till then, his mind was only a passive mirror, reflecting a succession of imperfect images.

The punishment of his former fault now fell upon him, in the completion of that very wish which had once been the reigning subject of all his desires. Madame de Fontainville most likely was still faithful to the passion she had never promised to destroy, and had a right, therefore, to the fulfillment of those vows which he had voluntarily made, but a few months back: nay, was it not his duty thus to sacrifice every thing to repair the injury done her peace? did not honour and gratitude, in the person of her afflicted father, imperiously demand this sacrifice?

Demetrius put another question to himself, which terminated his hesitation. Granting that he had conquered his passion for Zaire, by the mere force of principle, without the intervention of a

purser attachment, would he have debated about offering her his hand?—No! then he ought to debate no longer.

Though assured of Princess Constantia's preference, and suspecting the intentions of her illustrious relative, he had never urged his pretensions beyond their friendship, and had never wilfully directed a glance towards Constantia that could imply a wish for more.

Consoled by the integrity of his conduct there, he now looked with a steadier eye upon his fate: that it was fixed by the late event he believed; but ere he wrote to Madame de Fontainville, he resolved to unbosom himself to his brother.

Hitherto, Demetrius had never mentioned the inhabitants of Felieri, in any way to alarm the fraternal fears of Charles: for a long time he had himself been ignorant of the peculiar influence Constantia acquired over him; and after that ignorance was displaced by unexpected hope, was withheld by the bashful irresolution inseparable from virtuous love.

He now made a candid avowal of all these circumstances; beseeching his brother to weigh impartially the different arguments he urged for the step he meditated; requesting him to make the communication of General de Fontainville's death immediately to the Marquis de Liancour, and to learn from him, whether Zaire retained her former

sentiments of a man, who could still offer her the share of a ~~very~~ circumscribed fortune. Suffering had taught Demetrius to bear disappointment with dignity; for he had studied the self-command and graceful restraint of Charles, till he had learned how to practise it. He no longer yielded himself up to desperate agony, but struggled with nature's infirmity, and resolved to endure.

His wound being healed, he was now able to leave his tent: and, supported on the arm of Forshiem, was permitted to breathe the fresh air.

Forshiem observed an alteration in his companion's spirits, for which he could not account; his friendly eye frequently traced the effects of a sleepless night in the total absence of that peachiness, which usually enriched his cheek; but he ventured not to intrude with a question. The only remark his delicacy allowed, was couched in an avowal of the pain he felt on seeing him thus altered; and an urgent request that he would confide to his brother, any care by which he might be harassed.

"My brother," replied Demetrius, "is indeed the only man, to whom I should intrust my present difficulties: they are of a very delicate kind, believe me, Ferdinand. If the disclosure did not involve many more besides myself, you should be fully trusted. What grave is this?"—he asked,

abruptly breaking off, as his eye fell on a new-raised mound.

“The French General’s,” answered Forshiem, “your prisoner. As you were disabled at the time, I filled your place, and was with him in his last moments.”

Demetrius turned very pale, and hastily drew his friend away: but he pressed his arm gratefully, as he did so, repeating with much emotion —“I thank you!”

The answer from Charles, was such as Demetrius expected. It was in favour of Madame de Fontainville: but ah! how unwillingly was that sentence pronounced! How many tender expressions of love and pity, how many consolations and praises were mingled with it! He conjured his brother to be sincere with the Duchess di Felieri; and without disclosing the past indiscretion of Zaire, without appearing to have imbibed any presumptuous hopes from the graciousness of Princess Constantia, completely to explain his present engagement, with Madame de Fontainville.

The last dependence of Demetrius, was destroyed by this letter. He had secretly hoped, that Charles might, from various motives, have concealed what could now produce no pain,—a change in Zaire’s heart; and he was, therefore, completely overcome when he read this assurance of her constancy.

“Wretch that I am !” he exclaimed, “was she not dearer to me, alas ! than my own soul?—did I not swear to love her, even in the agonies of death?—was I not ready to relinquish, for her sake, the person who ought to have been dearest to me on earth, my brother, my benefactor !—and do I now shudder at the prospect of possessing her for ever?”

He thought of Constantia ; in spite of every resolve, he thought of her : and when he pictured the shock this discovery would give to her reverend relative, the deeper wound it would inflict upon her innocent heart, he was not master of his feelings.

The Campaign now drew to a close : and Demetrius, released from active service, and deprived of Forshiem, (whose regiment was ordered into different cantonments,) had leisure to muse even to madness.

He was waiting for the reply of De Liancour, to his brother’s letter, before he could bring himself to write the one, so much dreaded, to Felieri, when an express from thence reached the camp, in the middle of an inclement night.

The Duchess had been struck with a paralytic affection, from which it was likely she would never recover ; and her distracted grandchild now sent for Demetrius, at her particular request.

Upon such an occasion the usual military rules

were dispensed with ; the General allowed his Aid-de-camp, ten days' leave ; and the latter, still weak and feeble, commenced his sad journey to the Trevisane.

CHAP. III.

IN returning to take a short review of the elder Count Leopoldstat, it will not be necessary to say more of his military operations, than that he rejoined the Archduke in the middle of August; proceeded with him into the Palatinate; bore a distinguished part in the brilliant affairs at Neckau and Mannheim; and was with him on the skirts of the Black Forest, when the disastrous reverses in Switzerland, and the impossibility of making a winter campaign among its masses of ice, checked the triumph of success.

In the lively interest excited by these events, and the important views which they opened of the future, Charles often forgot his own private ills. Warmly attached to the irreproachable Prince under whom he served, as well as to their just cause, his mind entered with earnestness into that Prince's councils. Demetrius acquiring honour, and restored to cheerfulness, was a soothing object for his mind to rest on; it was "the soft green of his soul," to

which it turned, after political speculations, that both wearied and alarmed.

Adelaide Ingersdorf was still remembered : no cares, no occupations could drive her from his heart, though they often succeeded in banishing her awhile from his memory.

In her, he had found every quality, desired by a taste and a sensibility, which some persons might have termed fastidious. With an understanding cultivated beyond her sex ; a heart softly tempered, yet yielding only to the hand of Reason ; a beauty made more captivating by elegant accomplishments, she was modest even to bashfulness : Charles prized her for this fault ; and had often, (while seeing her shrink from the assiduity of admissible admiration) ; said to himself—“ How few women there are, that, capable of charming all men, are content with endearing themselves to one only ! ”

Among the romantic splendour of Switzerland, he had sighed for her : And now, on the shores of the Rhine, where more leisure allowed him to muse over the past, he sunk into a sadness, of which he was himself scarcely conscious.

He was one night sitting over a book, (of which, certainly, he had not read a single syllable), when his servant brought him a letter. It was from his incognita. The calmness with which he opened it, quickly vanished.

A few lines, appointing a meeting, made his

heart palpitate with expectation: Now was going to be developed that mystery, which had for five years given him both pain and pleasure. Yet what could he hope from it, when his affections were unalienably fixed upon another, and this generous unknown evidently relied on obtaining them?—at any rate, he thought curiosity would be relieved; and perhaps a candid explanation of his situation, might secure to him the friendship of one, who seemed formed for a noble disinterested sentiment.

Till this moment arrived, Charles never imagined it would agitate him. Whether saddened spirits had affected his nerves; or whether he unconsciously hoped to find in his incognita one that would at last reconcile him to the loss of Adelaide, is uncertain; but agitated he was, beyond all description.

He could not sleep once through the whole night: and the next day, went over the routine of his usual employments, with a mind completely *distracted*.

The night was bright and calm, (though November was far advanced) when Charles mounted his horse at the specified hour, and took the road to the chateau of a neighbouring Canon, where his rendezvous was appointed.

Three miles, seemed thirty, as he galloped over them; and yet, when he reached the place, it appeared to him as if he had flown! His heart now

palpitated with such violence, that he almost wished for a respite from what he once passionately desired.

A servant received him at the gate; and upon hearing his name, bowed respectfully, and led him across a hall: He then threw open the door of a room, which Charles entered, and beheld Marshal Ingersdorf.

The expression of the veteran's countenance, would not suffer him to believe the meeting accidental: a multitude of hopes and fears, wild and delightful, electrified him at the sight. He was unable to speak or to move. The Marshal rushed forwards, and with his usual impetuosity caught him in his arms, vehemently exclaiming, "My dear Leopold!—my friend!—my son! if you will become so."

"Am I so happy," cried Charles, (scarcely trusting his bewildered senses); "am I so happy as to find my incognita in Marshal Ingersdorf!"

"Yes!—yes!" resumed the Marshal, repeatedly squeezing his hand, "you see that will-o'-the-wisp, now before you.—Only tell me that you forgive my eccentric impertinence; and that you will allow me to dispose of your heart and yourself?"

"O Sir!—O Heaven what am I to think—what hope?"—exclaimed Charles, sinking involuntarily upon one knee.

His fine face and eyes, brightly flushed with

doubtful joy, were now raised to the Marshal: the latter gazed on him, with overflowing delight.

“I know you love,” he cried, “I know you would have chosen Adelaide, had she been born a beggar:—she is your’s then. I meant her for you all along. Forshiem is a worthy lad—he knew my scheme.”

The old gentleman could hardly articulate these abrupt sentences, from excess of pleasure. Leopoldstat was quite over-powered: he felt like a man who after living half a century in a dungeon, is suddenly brought into day-light. In silence, eloquent silence, he pressed the shaking hands of the Marshal to his lips and breast: the first words he uttered were an anxious inquiry of Adelaide’s sentiments.

Marshal Ingersdorf was then going to hurry forth an animated assurance of her attachment; when suddenly recollecting what was due to female delicacy, he said archly—“She don’t hate you, that’s all:—whether she likes you or not, I leave you to discover, the first time you are alone together. But come, rise from the ground, which the knee of a soldier should never touch, but to his Maker. Let us sit down and talk over the matter: you must long to hear my reasons.”

“I do long, Sir,” returned the fluttered Charles, and his eager soul, sprung to Adelaide. To throw himself at her feet, (spite of her father’s remark) to

pour out all the tenderness which he had hitherto so painfully restrained, to receive from her lips the confirmation of what her down-cast eyes had so often told him, was now his liveliest emotion; he scarcely wanted explanations, while certain that the mystery had terminated in rapture.

His animated glances were constantly directed towards the door, as if in search of her.

"I see what you are thinking about;" resumed the veteran, "and to quiet you, protest that my daughter is not in this house. To-morrow morning she will be here, with my good host's sister."

"To-morrow morning!"—repeated Charles, and away flew his thoughts again, from the Marshal's explanations, with more than their former rapidity.

"I am likely to have but a sorry auditor in you," cried Ingersdorf, "why you puppy, what sort of a gratitude is this? After all the pains and vexations I have encountered to keep this girl secluded, ever since she was fifteen, only to fall in love with you, am I not to be gratified with a patient hearing of the only romance I ever concocted in my life?"

"Pardon me—pardon me, dearest Sir!" replied Charles, glowing with graceful confusion; "I have indeed shamefully forgotten to thank you, for such unmerited, transporting goodness!—How could I have become thus interesting to you?—how is it

possible, that such a treasure has been long destined for me ?”

“ Both these *how's*, I'll answer satisfactorily,” returned the Marshal, “ if you will only gag yourself, with a little composure. Zounds ! you are as talkative now, as you were mute a few minutes ago ! —Can you be silent ?—Can your thoughts leave off chattering to one another ?—Can you listen calmly ?”

“ Willingly, Sir, most willingly,” was the reply of Leopoldstat, though his kindling eyes and throbbing pulse refused to sanction this promise. The Marshal saw his agitation, with complacent satisfaction : but without noticing it further, filled out two bumpers of Burgundy, and pledging his intended son in one of them, began his rambling oration.

“ The first time I heard of you, was in the year ninety-four, at a little Inn, in Alsace. I was returning from head-quarters, where I had been to visit my old friend Wurmser, when alighting for some refreshment, I found all the inhabitants of the village, discussing the merits of a young officer, who had just passed through with a detachment.

It had happened, that a merciless steward was at that very moment, dragging to prison a poor farmer, whom sickness and accidents had made incapable of paying his rent, and whose wife and children he had already turned out of doors.

“ You remember the circumstance,” added the Marshal, seeing Charles about to interrupt him ; “ but I’ll not be broken in on. I heard that he had learned the particulars, and unable to produce the exact sum, himself, had borrowed part from his Captain. Well may the drops of honest pleasure, now glisten in your eyes, my dear Charles ! mine, nearly overflowed, while I listened to the animated praises of the country people.

“ I seemed to see the handsome youth they described, leading two innocent babes in his hand under the lowly roof of the farm, and assuring the grateful couple, that in permitting him to restore them to their home, they had given him the sincerest delight he ever felt.

“ On hearing your name, I became still more interested in you. Once in an attack of robbers among the Appenines, my life had been saved by your father.”

“ My father ! ” cried Leopolstat, and a strange pang of anguish and pleasure seized his heart.

“ Yes, your father ; he had some fine qualities : bravery was one. Till now, we were strangers, but after that, we became intimate : that, however, ended ; no matter how—he was fond of gaiety, I of retirement : but to return to yourself.

“ From the day I spoke of, I hankered after you : my whimsical old brain was often thinking how it could serve or please you. At last upon

hearing about your gallant rescue of General
——— I projected my romantic plan.

“Such a plan, would never have entered any head, but that of an antiquated, romance-reader, like myself. For to shew you what a fool of a father-in-law, you are about to have, I must own, that I am as greedy a devourer of novels and legends, as ever I was at fourteen. At first, I meant to go no further, than sending you a few presents and letters : then to discover myself, and take you under my wing for life.

“But when I reflected on the wholesome discipline which the world gives every young man without money or patrons ; and how much, independence and energy are nourished by a certainty of depending solely on one’s own powers ; when I scrutinized your conduct, and found it so nobly upright ; I thought my happiness and my daughter’s would be secured, and your’s not injured, if I could manage to make you my son.”

“Dear, dear Sir!” exclaimed Charles, wringing his hand, with unutterable gratitude.

Returning the friendly pressure, Ingersdorf resumed.

“Most ably, had I manœuvred, in my own opinion, by writing my letters, so equivocally, as to leave it dubious, whether the writer were a man or a woman : most confidently did I reckon upon this

mystery occupying your heart so much, as to leave no room for another object.

“What a blow then, did I receive, when I heard of your engagements at Mantua! It was many days before I recovered myself sufficiently to address you again: but I could not hesitate about how that should be. You were still dear to me; and Adelaide, believing herself destined for Forshiem, had never heard me breathe your name.”

Here, the Marshal hesitated; not knowing how to advert to the death of Signora Berghi; he therefore left a chasm in his narrative, resuming it thus:

“It had been my intention to send Adelaide to her aunt’s at Vienna, as soon as the Italian campaign should finish; and then to scheme again, that you might be introduced to my brother.

“I had no doubt of your falling in love with Adelaide, so charming as she is: and if she had been odious, my sanguine temper, would have made the thing equally probable; I was therefore transported, when Providence brought you acquainted in so interesting a way: when it insured to you, the regard of my brother, and gave you opportunity of mutually estimating the excellencies of each other.

“Knowing the state of your heart, and shrewdly guessing at what would soon be Adelaide’s, (for I had educated her to admire such a character as

your's; and had forced her from any other attachment, by keeping her in a convent): I resolved to remain quiet, till her artless letters, and the more circumstantial ones of the Baron, should have convinced me that my scheme was ripe.

“Just as I was preparing to terminate your suspense, that cursed law-suit commenced, and my hopes, seemed on the point of being hurled into the gulph of destruction.

“You know how long it has annoyed me; but it is now over; and I can give you my Adelaide, with the fortune I first intended.”

Every person that either is in love, or has been in love, will imagine the disinterested expressions of Charles: they were as sincere as they were ardent; and made the father's eyes, sparkle with joy.

“Ah! you may well thank your old, silly *incognita*!” cried he, “you know not what trouble he has had, to bring this hopeful vessel into a safe harbour. Forshiem, was at first, the most obliging, tractable creature under the sun: he admitted the obligation I was under, thus to recompense the son of a man to whom I owed my life; he saw the harmonious justice of giving a gallant, poor fellow, a rich wife, that knew how to value him: and he was so ready to be my *Aid-de-camp*, in the affair!—so obedient to orders!—but, lack-a-day, my young gentleman chose to fall in love, with an Italian rustic; and then came intreaties, and expostulations,

and threats of marrying, before I could turn myself round: then my hero, grew eloquent for your sake; then he professed to know by sad experience, the misery of protracted hopes, conjuring me to end your sorrows immediately.

“I was thunderstruck. For in the haste with which I pursued my favourite object, I never took into the account, these annoying stumbling-blocks. However, Forshiem got me to promise, that if my law-suit were still pending, when the army went into winter-quarters, I would give him leave to reveal Adelaide’s freedom, by marrying his pretty Lorenza.”

“Amiable Forshiem!” cried Charles, “how much do I owe him!”

“But you don’t know yet, half the amusing incidents for which you are indebted to me;” said the Marshal, “do you remember the Signora Albertini?”

A stronger tide of blood, rushed to the face of Leopoldstat, at this unexpected question.

“Egregious puppy! you have no reason to blush;” resumed his friend—“no, you have a right to triumph. Few young men can resist like you, the syren charms of beauty, accomplishment, and well-acted tenderness. Yet, I dare say it was not merely acted, after she saw you.”

“Had she never seen me before!” exclaimed the astonished Charles.

“No, on my honour!—I projected the whole affair. I knew her for the most avaricious wretch alive, and I bribed her into this trial of your principles. Do you blame me, for thus proving in every way, the man in whose care I sought to repose the treasure of my heart?”

“So far from it;” cried Leopoldstat, “that a whole life spent in striving to grow worthy of such a trust, will never be enough to shew my gratitude.”

After this complete explanation, the conversation flowed over the past and future: each had minute descriptions to give of their mutual feelings upon particular events; and each loved to dwell upon the graces of Adelaide.

As she was to be at the chateau the next morning, Charles before he departed, obtained permission to visit there at an early hour.

Scarcely had Mam’selle de Ingersdorf alighted from the carriage which conveyed her to the chateau Balzac, ere the Marshal informed her, that she would see an old friend very soon.

The blood brightly painted her cheeks, when he mentioned their visitor’s name.

Adelaide was ignorant of the real motive for a journey, which she had undertaken solely to oblige her father, and now, was far from conjecturing its probable termination: yet she trembled with undefinable joy; eagerly anticipating the moment in

which her eyes would again behold their best, and dearest object.

Marshal Ingersdorf had never once hinted, the peculiar interest he took in Charles, nor the views he entertained for him : but willing to give his daughter's attachment a little hope to feed on, he assured her, (on her removal from Vienna,) that she should never be the wife of Count Forshiem, unless she preferred him to the whole world : that if she would wait the conclusion of the eventful law-suit and the campaign, she should then have an opportunity of studying her destined husband's character, and be left at liberty to accept or to reject him.

So indulgent an assurance, would have led Adelaide immediately to confess the state of her heart, had not delicacy shrunk from the pain of avowing even to a parent, the excess of an affection that had never been claimed by its object. Relying on the goodness of Providence, on the apparent preference of Charles, and the prospect of renewing their former intimacy, after her engagement with Forshiem should be avowedly dissolved, she cheerfully acquiesced in her father's wishes ; and found uncertainty, a mental Paradise, when contrasted with her late despair.

In what rapid tides did the blood now flow thro' her veins ! her ardent complexion became enriched with a still warmer crimson ; and her dazzling eyes, (whose colour and lucidity, united the two extremes

of light and darkness ;) were more than effulgent. They were brightly flashing over her companions at the breakfast-table, when a servant announced Count Leopolstat.

At the sound of a name, which was never pronounced without bringing before her, the loveliest countenance that ever proclaimed a lovely soul, she almost closed these brilliant eyes ; as if seeing, and hearing Charles, at the same moment, would be bliss too much. He saw nothing but her : and he saw in her trembling agitation, all that his fond heart desired.

The Marshal, who had settled the plan of operations, with his future son-in-law, soon contrived to break up the breakfast party : he pronounced the day delightful, and the prospect from a window into the garden, so alluring, that he begged permission to breathe the air there, with his friend. Adelaide of course was included in this association ; which was not likely to be enlarged, as Monsieur Balzac had the gout, and his sister never disturbed digestion after a meal.

The considerate Marshal was so anxious to dissipate his daughter's confusion, by drawing her into lively conversation, that he walked twice round the great garden, before he observed that Charles was heartily wishing him at the Antipodes.—He then abruptly stopped at the door of a pavilion, where he bid his daughter rest herself under the protection of

Count Leopoldstat, while he took a brisker circuit through the walks.

Adelaide had not leisure to wonder at this strange conduct: for her attention was instantly absorbed by the ardent impatience of Charles, who soon won from her, a declaration of mutual preference.

Sweet to him, was the bashful apprehensiveness, with which she gradually discovered the whole of her past feelings.—The fearful, trembling Adelaide, blushing at her own confessions, averting her glowing eyes from his, and shrinking from the involuntary transport with which he now pressed her in his arms, was to him an object at once of the tenderest love, and the profoundest respect. Seeing in her, the chosen companion of his future days, the beloved sharer of eternity, his heart throbbed with a sacred joy, which beaming from his countenance, spoke peace to the timid delicacy of Adelaide.

It was now, that each felt the reward of their past sufferings:—it was now that, looking back with exultation upon their sincere endeavours to follow the path marked out by duty, they indulged in present happiness, without apprehension or regret.

What Adelaide owed to the eccentric goodness of her father, gave a new charm to the ties of parent and child: and at this moment she acquired fresh delight, by gaining additional motives for loving two persons, already dearer to her than life.

The Marshal met his young companions at the entrance of the house: Adelaide fervently returned the kiss he pressed on her burning cheek, and whispered out a blessing for his kindness. She then broke away, to thank a Mightier Parent, whose smallest mercies, were never suffered by her, to pass unacknowledged.

It may be conjectured, that Leopoldstat did not leave Balzac, until he had obtained the Marshal's promise of remaining under its hospitable roof, during the suspension of hostilities: nay, he ventured to glance at the hope of being confirmed in his happiness, by the gift of Adelaide's hand, long before military duty should again call him into actual service.

The veteran did not blame this natural impatience: confessing, that since he had served nearly half the time for his daughter, which Jacob did for Laban's, he might very fairly urge this, otherwise, unreasonable request. Promising to plead his cause himself, he then dismissed the young Count, who returned to head-quarters, with an overflowing heart.

So many delightful recollections and anticipations crowded through the mind of Charles, that it was long ere he could compose himself sufficiently to dictate a letter of gratitude to Forshiem, and one of a tenderer character to Demetrius.

Thought of the latter was so associated with all

his cares or pleasures, that till joy was communicated to him, it was but an imperfect joy for Charles.

Believing his brother nearly cured of his fatal attachment to Madame de Fontainville, and reposing securely on the soothing friendship of the Duchess di Felieri, he now wrote him an animated account of his present good fortune: adding to it, a proposal, that during the winter recess, they should endeavour to be once more established in the same regiment.

Demetrius had often expressed such a wish, in which Charles earnestly participated: and now that he was become certain of his illustrious Commander's favour, he resolved to use that favour in obtaining so desirable an object.

Scarcely had our hero finished this letter, ere he received that one from Demetrius in which the events of his far-different fate, were detailed.

With grief, surprize, pity, and apprehension, did Charles peruse it! Though he had himself uniformly avoided what are falsely termed affairs of honour, he knew not how to blame his brother for meeting the Prince of Nuremberg. It would have been better, indeed, had he refused to sanction such an odious practice as duelling, in any way; but how was it to be expected from a youth of nineteen, thus to stifle honest indignation at tyrannical

arrogance, merely by reflecting on the force of example?

The new attachment of Demetrius, afflicted without displeasing his brother. The progress of it, described simply, yet powerfully, had been so gradual, and so evidently encouraged by the Duchess, that even a Cynic would have found it difficult to have condemned Demetrius.

The character of this attachment was so amiable; its ground so laudable; the happiness it seemed fraught with, (if not cruelly thwarted) so perfect and so pure: The prospect it opened, so brilliant; (for Charles had the weakness of humanity and was ambitious for this beloved brother): that at the destruction of all its views, his own happiness vanished from his eyes.

Such heavy sighs, as he had lately hoped never to draw again, now came from his oppressed heart: he re-perused the letter; remembered Madame de Fontainville, and was wretched.

The correspondence of the Marquis de Liancour, had uniformly lamented the rooted passion of his daughter, whose constancy had withstood all the attacks of time, absence, and reflection. She still persisted in believing her heart incurable; rather deepening the wound, by giving herself up to solitude, than striving to heal it, in rational society.

That Demetrius had wilfully created this infatuated sentiment, and had therefore, been guilty of

poisoning the existence of Zaire and her father, nay of seducing her soul from virtue, was but too certain: for so great an injury, a compensation was due; and that compensation must be the sacrifice of all Demetrius's present wishes.

Charles, saw no other path for his brother: covered as it was, with thorns, he yet pronounced it inevitable. For, to the upright conscience of Charles, the voice of Integrity, was ever the voice of Fate.

A sentence of banishment from Princess Constantia, was unwillingly given in his answer to Demetrius. He then destroyed his former letter; fearing to mingle with so painful a subject, that communication which at another period would have been warmly welcomed.

After this, Leopoldstat sought consolation from Adelaide:—He hastened to Balzac, and fortunately found her alone.

How watchful is love!—How easily does its slightest glance perceive an alteration in the object beloved! The mere sound of his voice as he spoke to a servant without, convinced Adelaide that her Charles was afflicted.

Her raised eyes, full of tender anxiety, momentarily charmed away his care: but it returned again, with unabated pain, till he had imparted it to her. Then was he indeed consoled!—consoled by the

sight of new beauties in her equally fond and generous heart.

Adelaide pitied Madame de Fontainville, but she could not conceive how the destiny of that unfortunate woman, was to be ameliorated by the empty possession of a name, without the reality. Nay, to judge her feelings by her own, she believed that to know herself the sole obstacle between happiness and the man she loved, would be the severest misery she could endure.

Adelaide did not wantonly betray her friend's confidence; but Charles found that whenever she spoke of Princess Constantia, her emotion visibly increased.

Sadly sighing, the Count held her soft hand to his lips, and then said, "All our wishes, I see tend the same way; and all our notions of right oppose them.—The lovely suggestions of delicacy, cannot prevent you from acknowledging the rule that ought to guide Demetrius: he must act in conformity with principle; Madame de Fontainville may follow your guide.

"Yet how delightful are such just sentiments, to the man whom my Adelaide honours with her preference! how does he glory in the possession of a heart so governed!"

Charles was then proceeding to repeat, (what seems no repetition to a lover), expressions of ad-

miration, gratitude, and rapture, when the Baron and the Canon abruptly entered.

Mr. Balzac was an agreeable old gentleman that never asked impertinent questions, or looked impertinent remarks; he therefore, appeared to see nothing particular, in the visible assiduity of the young Count, but considerably engaged the lively Marshal, in a hot dispute.

Charles dined at Balzac, where some Englishmen met also: in compliment to whom, the Canon followed their country's fashion, of sitting long after dinner. This circumstance afforded Charles an opportunity of making a masterly retreat from the dining room to the saloon; where he found the somniferous Madame Balzac taking her customary nap.

She slept as if she were in a trance; so that he had ample power to urge the suit he had before preferred through the Marshal.

How could Adelaide deny any thing to so dear a petitioner? she tried to chide and refuse him, but the chilling words thawed on her lips; and her blushing eyes beamed with a yielding, which animated his importunity. She consented at last, because she wished to consent: promising to give him her hand, immediately after he should have terminated one of his anxieties, by procuring the exchange of his brother, into the regiment he commanded.

Leopolstat did not over-rate his influence with the Archduke. That amiable Prince being well acquainted with the Count's character, judged him to have private motives, equally pressing and praiseworthy, for the removal of his brother. An appointment about his own person, which he gave unasked, and a letter which he addressed himself, to the General of Cavalry, in Italy, decided the business.

Eager to press this suffering brother, to his almost paternal bosom, Charles no sooner received a gracious message from his royal commander, purporting the desired success; than he hastened to Balzac, and with persuasive earnestness, sought and obtained from Adelaide a ratification of her promise to become his wife directly after the arrival of Demetrius. He then wrote to the latter, urging him to expedite a journey upon which depended the completion of his happiness.

Charles knew Demetrius too well, to dread any thing from writing thus. He was aware that his own fraternal affection had been too long tried, to require, now the delay of his dearest wish: and that Demetrius being convinced of his tender commiseration, would see without envy, nay with consolatory pleasure, the felicitous end of his brother's distress.

This letter, reached the Val di Taro, some days

after the departure of Demetrius ; from whence it followed him to the Trevisane.

How much had happened to him in that short period!

CHAP. IV.

OPPRESSED with grief, Demetrius obeyed the summons of Princess Constantia.

He travelled with the utmost speed, yet did not reach Felieri, till the close of the third day.

The stillness of the Palace, and the deep gloom of the winter foliage, blackened by night, struck a chill to his heart; faint lamps glimmered only here and there, among the once brilliant collonades; and the very breeze that moaned through them, appeared to lower its breath, for fear of disturbing their sepulchral solemnity.

Demetrius could not see the little mountain stream, that here mingled with the Livenza, because of the darkness, and its over-hanging bushes: but the well-known sound of its impetuous current, brought to his recollection the last evening he had spent with the Duchess. It was the gay night of her moon-light party; which he justly believed to have been the happiest of his life: she was then,

all spirit and energy; and she was now, perhaps, cold and insensible!

His heart turned sick at the thought; for he loved her with the enthusiasm of gratitude.

Alighting from the carriage, he advanced on foot, to the gate of entrance: a venerable servant answered his gentle knock; the aspect of this old man, and the sorrowful exclamation he uttered, were frightful omens.

Demetrius feared to advance: "Does she live?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, my Lord, our good Duchess lives; but there is no hope."

"Then I may once more see her!" exclaimed Demetrius. "Where is the Princess? let her be told of my arrival—but tell her gently, good Girolamo."

The old servant now softly called a young woman who appeared at one of the doors, and commissioned her with the communication. In a few moments she re-appeared, and bade the young Count follow.

The arched passages through which they went, scarcely returned the sound of their swift but light steps: they crossed several halls, and ascended a high flight of stairs, till they reached that side of the Palace occupied by the Duchess.

"This is my Lady's room;" said the girl, stopping before a door, "your Lordship is to go in."

Demetrius entered.

A single light, dimly shewed him the death-bed of his patroness, over which stood his dear Constantia, pale and distracted. No other persons, but the physician and the confessor, were in the apartment. Unused to such scenes, anguish and awe nearly paralyzed him : he moved gently forward, and as he reached the bed, the Princess turned round.

At sight of him, the flood-gates of her grief, were burnt asunder. No longer able to command her feelings, she threw herself into his arms, with a distraction, to which tears and sobs, gave no relief. The emotion of Demetrius shewed its excess by a convulsive tremor : he trembled so violently, that he could not articulate ; nor support himself without the aid of the physician.

For some hours, the Duchess had lost the power of speech : she now attempted to address her cherished Demetrius, but her quivering lips moved only for an instant : she raised her eyes to heaven, with a celestial expression of christian submission, and then stretched out her hand to him.

Demetrius and Constantia, at the same moment sunk on their knees before her. The Duchess regarded them awhile with a gaze of tender wistfulness : regret and joy, mingled in her countenance. She raised herself with difficulty from the pillow,

and took them alternately in her arms; then joining their hands together, sunk back.

The hand uniting those of the unhappy lovers, soon slackened its grasp: Constantia wildly raised her head; and beholding the features of her grandmother, fixed in eternal peace, uttered a piercing shriek. She was conveyed motionless from the room.

The eyes of Demetrius mournfully followed her, as the physician carried her into the air; but they turned again, to the death-bed of the Duchess. There, religious awe, and fond regret, absorbed his dearest cares. He rose not from the ground, still kneeling, to join in the solemn rites of the confessor.—Where is the pen, that can faithfully describe the feelings which are roused by the death of a beloved person?—those new, and mingled feelings, which only belong to the chamber of death, and which can never be recalled without reviving the anguish that would baffle any attempt!—The heart that has once felt them, will but too well know how to estimate their force. With a fearful hand, therefore, I leave the veil undrawn, which now covers the affliction of Constantia.

When Demetrius was retiring, to indulge his regret in solitude, the monk, took a packet of papers from his breast, and presenting one to him, said,

“This letter, was intrusted to me, by my late

benefactress, with a strict charge to deliver it into your hands at this awful period. These others, are the will, and some documents of consequence to shew the Prince of Nuremberg. You, my Lord, are I believe, master here. May the Almighty bless you, and make you a worthy successor to the most pious and beneficent Princess that ever lived!"

The confessor then retired, to hide his rising emotion ; and Demetrius, merely answering by an inclination of the head, retired to his chamber.

So many events had followed each other, with such whirling rapidity, that the over-tasked spirit of Demetrius, could no longer keep up with them : he now threw himself upon a couch, with that sensation of exhaustion and stupor, which often follows great mental exertion ; and his senses were immediately steeped in total oblivion.

After the salutary sleep of a few hours, he awoke ; and finding it still night, he rose, trimmed his fading lamp, and sat down by the remains of a wood-fire, to think and to grieve.

An involuntary idea that the departed spirit was then hovering over him, created a sacred awe, which checked his gathering tears : he frequently raised his surcharged eyes with an ineffable emotion, as if expecting to behold the visible beatification of that soul, which had used the blessings of her own lot, only to bless that of others.

The letter given him by the monk, now demanded his attention : he softly separated the wax, and read the following.

“ If I should not live to see and speak with you, my dearest Demetrius, you must consider these lines as my dying words.

“ Accept my blessing : and with it, the half of my fortune.

“ If, as I hope, inclination should hereafter lead you to offer my beloved grandchild, a husband’s protection, be assured, that such an inclination has my fullest sanction. It had always been my intention to learn your wishes on that subject whenever we should meet again ; but I scarcely doubt them : your ingenuous heart speaks too plainly in your countenance, to be misinterpreted.

“ Should you really love my Constantia, do not stifle the expression of so natural a sentiment, from any erroneous notions of her character : she is not the slave of such narrow opinions, as generally bound the intellects of high-born women. You are already very dear to her : it therefore, rests with yourself, to make her love you with the energy necessary to your mutual happiness.

“ Opposition from her imperious uncle, is, of course, to be expected : but even that has its limits : two years of constancy, and patient submission to his authority, will release you both from restraint.

“I may perhaps appear blameable, for thus preparing a cause of family dissention: willingly would I avoid it: but the substantial good of my Constantia must not be sacrificed to the blind prejudice of her uncle. Where nothing can be urged against the man of her choice, but inequality of nominal rank, the objection grows contemptible.

“I make you rich; noble by descent, you are already; nobler still, by your virtues: why then, should the Prince of Nuremberg’s pernicious worldliness, be submitted to?

“However, should my fond belief, prove the vain chimera of a heart anxious to unite its two dearest objects: should you be otherwise attached, or simply indifferent to the merits of my Constantia, recollect that the bequest of half my property, is not made to the lover of my grandchild, but to the preserver of her life. Take it freely, therefore, bestow it, and yourself, on whomever you chuse, and may God grant you that solid happiness which has been the daily subject of all my prayers!

“Farewel! I embrace you with the affection of a mother.

COLOMBA DI FELIERI.”

It was now that tears fell from the eyes of Demetrius. Gratitude, admiration, regret, and love, all swelled the womanish tide. He contemplated what he might have possessed, and what he was

about to refuse, with a softness that unnerved his mental strength: and as he held the blistered paper to his lips, he breathed the name of Zaire, with bitterness of soul.

— Let the object of a guilty passion, tremble at the frail tenure by which she holds the affections of a man, not wholly depraved! The first ray of light that breaks in on his before-benighted soul, shews him the deformity of a passion, which she grows distasteful, for having inspired: while the recollections which virtuous love delights to cherish, are by him banished with affrighted quickness.

Demetrius still retained a tender regard for Madame de Fontainville, but he shrunk from the thought of making her his wife. That full consent of every faculty of his mind, every sentiment of his heart, (which always accompanied the contemplation of Constantia), was there, painfully wanting: he could not steadily gaze, with growing admiration, upon her character, as he did on that of his Princess.—Ah! no!—he glanced rapturously for a moment upon a feature of bewitching beauty, and then hastily avoided the sight of its neighbouring imperfection.

While reading his departed friend's letter, Demetrius had been thrilled to agony, at the single expression,—“a husband's protection.” How, much interdicted felicity, did these three little words, present to his warm fancy! and how firmly

did he believe, for the moment, that it would be impious in him to give that hand to Madame de Fontainville, which had been joined with Constantia's by her dying parent!—

Lost in a fluctuation of resolutions, to which not even virtue herself knew how to give the palm, he saw the morning light spread its rosy glow over the new wing of the palace; now, nearly rebuilt: Father Pietro visited him soon after; and from him he learned that the Princess was unable to see any one that day.—

Whilst Constantia's hours were spent in her devotions, he sat alone by the corpse of his benefactress; laying to heart the salutary lesson of mortality; wondering at the tumultuous feelings which still agitated him, even while witnessing the brevity of human joy, or human suffering.

He then retired to another apartment, where he devoted himself to the task of candidly detailing his past faults, and present involvement, in a letter to the young Princess.

What a task was this!—to disclose the very part of his life, which he wished struck out for ever from the records of memory! to sketch, even with a trembling hand, the portrait of a lawless passion, and present it before the eyes of her whom he loved to devotion!—to breathe out assurances of this devoted love, yet voluntarily renounce its per-

mitted hopes ! how was he capable of so mastering himself ?

The task, however, was accomplished ; and on the third day, he saw Constantia.

The anguish of disappointed affection was visible in her youthful countenance ; but gentle courage, and innocent candour, were there also. She stretched out her hand to him as he entered the room, and pressing his softly, said—" Demetrius !—my dear brother !"—

At this last epithet, the resolution of Demetrius forsook him : he fell at her feet, and incoherently bewailed his errors and his misfortunes.

She raised him with great emotion. "Repress this grief, I beseech you," she cried—" Oh, you know not how it tears my heart !—perhaps I am wrong in now confessing that you are dearer to me, than the whole world, and that the thought of passing my life with you, was the only consolation of these last sad days ; but I cannot hide it : I thought it praise-worthy to love one so good, and one to whom I owed so much : I never dreamt of a blow like this !—But it must be borne ;" she added, trying to smile away her tears, " it shall be borne : I will think you are my brother, so shall we all be happy at last."

"Never ! never !" exclaimed Demetrius wildly, "there is no happiness for me !—my peace is lost, wrecked for ever. Never, in this world, can any

thing repay me for such a sacrifice to virtue, such an atonement for error !”

“ Then in another world ”—the Princess whispered, and bent her gushing eyes over the hand she still held.

The silenced, but not comforted spirit of her impetuous lover, answered with a heavy groan. He was again the impassioned, stormy Demetrius, whose terrifying sensibility, so often swept away all the boundaries of reason.

Alternately melted and alarmed, Constantia wept as much with pity as with love.

“ O Demetrius ! ” she exclaimed, gazing tenderly on his convulsed features ; “ why this extravagant indulgence of a sorrow, that cannot exceed mine ?—What is it you expect from it ?—Can I change our lot ?—Alas, no !—I have no cheering prospect left, but the hope of one day seeing you happy, and of adding to that happiness, by striving to forget that I ever wished for more.—With this hope remaining, I am still ready to call existence a blessing—you will live to think so too, when your former attachment shall have revived, and the sacred feelings of a parent—when children perhaps ”—Here she broke off abruptly, concealing her gushing tears with her hands.

Demetrius suddenly clasped her in his arms ; but instantly pushing her from him, exclaimed—

“No—no—I must see you no more, hear you no more, if I would retain my senses and be just.”—

He was then quitting the room in distracted haste, when she followed, and detained him. “Not thus, Demetrius—not thus you ought to leave me. Do you believe that I too, have no feelings to spare, or to be pitied?—Oh, could you see my heart !”

The melting tones, and tender reproof of Constantia checked his phrensy—he turned quickly round, caught her hands in both his, covered them with kisses, and suffered her to lead him to a seat.

The Princess then stifling the expression of her own sorrow, exerted herself to moderate his : She was calculated to persuade and to sooth ; and the agitated passions of Demetrius, gradually subsided under every fall of her touching voice.

She pleaded with tearful earnestness, for Madame de Fontainville, whose situation she truly compassionated ; striving to revive in Demetrius some portion of that partiality which could alone reconcile him to his fate.

The too-wakeful sensibility of her auditor, took alarm at her zeal : he hastily said—“ Say not that I am dear to you—mock me not, with so false a comfort—for if it were so, how could you urge the claims of another ?”

At this injurious charge, Constantia’s colour forsook her ; tears forced themselves through her qui-

vering eye-lids.—“ My life shall answer you,” was her reply.

Demetrius felt the whole of what these words conveyed: he was pierced with remorse—Constantia saw it.

“ I can pardon many things, now ;” she resumed, “ Demetrius is not himself: but he is not the less dear to me for that. Alas, alas! how much dearer !”

She then talked of her departed relative, and that with a tender resolution which bore the most honourable testimony to her heart.

Constantia was never deterred from what she believed her duty, by any selfish consideration; and though every question she now asked, pierced her bleeding bosom, like so many daggers; she persisted in mentioning all that was necessary, for the solemn interment of the Duchess.

Tears trickled silently down her cheeks, while Demetrius assured her, that since the first evening, he had himself watched nightly by the remains of his patroness; and had suffered no rite to be omitted, that was used to express regret and respect.

Constantia wept awhile over a little ivory crucifix, which was the last thing her grandmother touched, and which now hung at her own breast; then struggling against this weakness, rose to depart.

“ Let us separate,” she said, averting her streaming eyes—“ we will meet again, to-morrow.—If my

uncle arrive in the interim, he shall be conducted to me immediately : my simple assurance that you are engaged to another, will prevent any misunderstanding between you. I would not have you endure insult as well as sorrow for my sake.”—Breathless with an emotion that was now increasing beyond her utmost efforts to conceal, she hastily returned the pressure of his hand, and left the apartment.

At that moment Demetrius believed his soul must have burst the bonds that tied it to a hateful life. He rushed away to his own chamber, where for a while, he refused to think of any thing but Constantia.

The next morning, better feelings resumed their influence : he saw the necessity of yielding to the consequences of his own culpable conduct ; and now sorrowed more for the Princess, than for himself. A glimpse of one of the Prince of Nuremberg’s avant-couriers, changed the current of his thoughts ; and other cares, besides those of love, then occupied him.

Two hours afterwards, he was told that his Highness requested the honour of seeing him in the library.

A glow of self-respect dignified the youthful beauty of Demetrius, as he followed the servant. At his entrance, the Prince turned pale, and lowered his eyes : his features were strongly expressive of anger and pride ; for Constantia, when declaring

the engagements of Demetrius, had nobly confessed her preference, and disappointment.

“I understand Sir,” said the Prince abruptly, (yet with an air of mortified restraint) “that I am henceforth to consider myself your guest. This palace, and these domains, I hear with astonishment, are now the property of a stranger.”

Constantia advanced trembling: Demetrius instantly calmed her fear.

“I know not whether your Highness be rightly informed,” he answered, “but if so, be assured I am incapable of using the power such unexpected munificence has given me, in any other way, than that of immediately renouncing it.”

“I do not comprehend you Sir?”

“Can I do otherwise,” said Demetrius, “than restore it to Princess Constantia? I had no claim on the generosity of my illustrious patroness: enough for me to cherish the respected remembrance of her friendship.”

“Indeed!”—and the Prince eyed him with a mixture of incredulity and envy.

Constantia turned aside to conceal her agitation.

“The Will is to be opened this evening,” resumed the unfeeling Prince, “of course, Sir, we shall have the honour of dining together, after which, you can have no objection to hear it read. I believe you will then find my niece amply provided for—all the domestics provided for—no one, in short,

overlooked, but the only person entitled to expect the bulk of this unwieldy fortune."

An exclamation of horror, at her uncle's savage coldness, escaped the Princess; she wildly passed him, repelling his out-stretched hand; and then flew into another room.

Demetrius looked at Nuremberg with aversion, and at that instant saw in him, only the man that once sought his life.

"As the Princess has left us;" he said with some austerity, "I may explicitly tell your Highness, that whatever testimony of over-wrought gratitude and unmerited regard, the will of the late Duchess may contain, I shall resign it to her acknowledged heiress; in whose hands I am certain, it will become an instrument of blessing to thousands. After which, I can have no other wish, than to be permitted the indulgence of that respectful friendship, which the Duchess di Felieri suffered me to avow for the Princess."

"With her friendships," returned Nuremberg, "I do not interfere; but I profess myself no advocate for such a sentiment between persons of different sex, and far different rank. Pardon my frankness, Sir!—I have no intention to offend you: on the contrary, I beg you to accept my thanks, for the very handsome manner in which you withdraw your claim on the Duchess di Felieri's fortune. Should you ever visit Nuremberg or Munich, I

shall have pleasure in shewing you any civility in my power. But I must intreat you to remember, Sir, that an indiscreet friendship may injure the establishment of my niece: I have great views for her, with which this would never assimilate. As I am sure, her husband will not see the thing in the false light, I am inclined to do."

At this painful hint, the blood fled from the cheeks of Demetrius, and his heart died within him: afraid of betraying himself, he faltered out,—"I shall meet your Highness at dinner;" and abruptly retired.

The Prince, wishing to believe he had awed the usurper of his rights into restitution, yet feeling that he was himself awed by his disinterestedness, eyed the furniture of the library, a few moments, in dissatisfied silence, and then sought his wife. She had retired from the breakfast room, with Constantia, leaving him time to reflect back, all his suspicions of Demetrius.

During the short period in which their regiments were encamped together, after the battle of Novi, Colonel Wurtzburgh had artfully insinuated so many proofs of his young officer's familiarity at Felieri, that the Prince in great alarm, interrogated him further.

Wurtzburgh then acknowledged his fear that a silly attachment had taken place between the young people, for which, the Duchess could alone be cen-

sured. He besought the Prince not to mention his name in the affair, as he sincerely regarded the imprudent boy, for whose sake he should rejoice to hear that the intercourse was interrupted : and having cunningly irritated, while he appeared striving to appease, roused the Prince into a fury which took the murderous direction he wished.

These past insinuations now came with double force to the remembrance of Nuremberg. This liberal renunciation of the Felieri estates, might be a pantomime trick, played off between Constantia and her lover, in order to cheat him into countenancing their acquaintance, which they would at last conclude by a marriage.

No sooner had his contemptible spirit suggested this idea, than he became as sure of its reality, as of his own existence, and though not an hour before, he had reviled Demetrius for daring to decline the hand of a Princess of Nuremberg, from any other motive than a sense of her superiority, (so inconsistent is malice), he now burst into Constantia's retirement, fulminating reproaches, and denouncing Demetrius as a presumptuous hypocrite.

The Princess made a spirited defence of her lover's sincerity, ending it thus :

“ It is not to himself, Sir, that you dare utter these unmanly threats.—No ! the man that could insult and terrify a woman, would not have the

courage to brave, even the frown of an honourable man."—

With these words she shut herself into another apartment.

The spirit of Constantia was not to be intimidated: injustice and tyranny, roused her otherwise lamb-like nature, into that of the lion; and she would have despised herself, for yielding to terror, what she could not have denied to kindness.

Egregiously had the Prince mistaken the character of his niece, when he believed himself able to sway her actions by a few horrid-sounding words. He was thunder-struck at the flash of her undaunted eyes, as she pronounced the last sentence; and still more amazed at the declaration she made, of devoting the remainder of her life, to a single state.

Could it be possible, that this figure which suddenly seemed to dart forth rays of majesty, was the timid, girlish Constantia? Were these commanding eyes the eyes he had always seen smiling in delight? this intrepid spirit, the one that had hitherto been all balmy gentleness?—He paused on these questions: for the Prince of Nuremberg, had never known how to separate softness from imbecility; and had yet to learn, that the meekness of a heart which can never be moved to virtuous indignation, is a meekness without worth.—He stood an instant motionless; then disregarding the fearful upbraiding of his wife, hurried from the place.

The sound of the door which he pulled furiously after him, and a sobbing apology of his Princess, brought Constantia forth again. Tenderness once more beamed from her lovely face, and spoke in her voice: she soothed the distress of her well-meaning aunt; assuring her, she was grieved for her sake, at having been forced to forget the respect due to her guardian.

It had not been Constantia's intention to appear at dinner; but perceiving a necessity for her presence, she submitted to the pain of again sitting at the table, where her dear grandmother had so amiably presided.

When the small party assembled, grief was on every face, except that of Nuremberg's. Constantia and Demetrius forgot every thing but their irreparable loss; and frequently during the mournful meal, the sight of some domestic, or some view from the windows, brought a flood of tears, to the relief of the Princess.

The settled and manly sorrow that was fixed on the brow of Demetrius, awed the base suspicions of Nuremberg into temporary silence.

Before the will was opened, Constantia left the room. She hastened to throw herself on her knees by the corpse of her only friend, there to pour out the repressed anguish of a heart overpowered with its first and heaviest affliction. Meanwhile, the chief

persons of the Duchess's household, were assembled, and the important will was produced.

As Father Pietro presented it to the professional man, appointed to make known its contents, Demetrius addressed the Prince. "Before I learn the contents of a will, in which I am said to be particularly noticed, I here solemnly renounce any donation which may be made to me in it. Whatever has been there bequeathed to me, I promise (in the presence of these witnesses) to restore to Princess Constantia; and that, not from disrespectful ingratitude to the illustrious memory of the best of women, but in justice to my own character, which such unheard-of bounty, might hereafter render suspected: also, as a testimony of admiration and reverence for her most-beloved grand-daughter."

He spoke this with a steady voice, though an agitated heart; and bowed in sign of having concluded.

The will was then opened.

Nothing could exceed the rage and resentment of the Prince, when he found, that after liberal annuities to all her servants, legacies to her confessor, physician, and secretary, and a valuable one to himself, as the son of her brother, the Duchess had appointed the vast remains of her fortune to be divided between Demetrius and Constantia: leaving Felieri to the former, and a much finer mansion in Venice, to the young Princess.

The bequest to each, was prefaced by so affecting an avowal of her anxiety for them; so many prayers for their happiness, which Demetrius well knew how to interpret, that hastily covering his face with his handkerchief, he was rising to withdraw, when the Prince mistaking his agitation, said bitterly, "Do you repent your rash resolution?"—Without answering, Demetrius turned round, and advancing to where a gentleman of the law was seated, seized a pen, and signed the deed (which he had before ordered to be prepared,) and which now transferred to Constantia, an additional property of countless thousands—he then retired.

What was this sacrifice to Demetrius, compared with that which he had lately made of his tenderest wishes!—Certain that he owed much of the Duchess di Felieri's fondness, to her belief of his future union with her grandchild; and shuddering at the thought of sharing the wealth given under such a belief, with any other woman, conscience would have prompted the act, even had inclination been against it.

The funeral took place the next day. Sad and solemn was the magnificence with which the lamented clay of the Duchess, was carried to its last abode—the tears of the poor that she had made rich, the wretched that she had made happy, watered the path to her tomb: these were inaudible prayers for

her virtuous soul, which if prayers could then avail, might well have found favour from the *Most High*.

Demetrius easily obtained permission to supply the Prince's absence; (whose duty it was, to see the earth closed over her grave,) he retreated almost overcome with the scene, and his heart melted, as his eyes fell on the darkened window of the room, where Constantia was weeping.

Unexpected comfort met him in the palace. It was that letter from Charles, in which he mentioned the desired exchange; detailing the events that had changed his destiny, and summoning him back to Germany to witness his union with Adelaide.

The joy of Demetrius was ardent, though chastised by a sense of his own disappointments: he pondered on this interesting letter, exclaiming with a sigh—"Blessed, ever blessed, be this best and dearest of brothers! O may the bitterness of disappointment, be known only to me! may his heart be as happy as it is blameless! mine has erred widely, and mine ought to suffer."

Several salutary reflections now flowed from a contemplation of their different situations: he became convinced that it is the character which shapes the destiny; and that when he first lost sight of virtue, his own hand opened a gate for all the future miseries of his life. Humbled and reconciled, he then bowed before the chastisement which he was conscious of having merited.

To leave Felieri, and take an eternal farewell, perhaps, of Constantia, was the hardest trial remaining: yet he roused himself to meet it. The next day, he sent to ask permission to see her alone, and was admitted to her study.

Her fair eyes were swelled with weeping, and the langour of indisposition, was now added to the mournfulness of grief. When he told her for what purpose he was come, she was unable to repel her tears. "I seek not to detain you, my dear Demetrius," she said, "it is better that we should part awhile. Though I should never see you more, my heart would not cease to beat more warmly for you, than for any other: alas! what have I in the world besides you and Adelaide? But do not imagine I give way to useless regret at the necessity which severs us: no! in many things I shall find consolation; in none more, than in the knowledge of your retaining for me, no other sentiment than that of friendship."

Demetrius only answered with a sigh: but such a sigh! long, long after, did the remembrance of it, chill every vein of Constantia.

She pressed his hand: "You are going to your brother; with him I hope you will find comfort. I shall hear of you from Adelaide: to write to you myself, would be folly; for until our mutual weakness is conquered, what would it avail?—The romantic generosity with which you have destroyed

my dear grandmamma's affectionate intentions, surprises every one but me : I expected it, and yet I blame it. While under my uncle's guardianship, I understand, no deed of mine can be valid ; but assure yourself, that until the period of my liberty arrives, I retain the estates only in trust—it will then be my business to convince you, that annulling the will of a departed friend, is a species of impiety."

Demetrius combated this assertion, by arguments drawn from his peculiar situation :—Constantia shook her head ; without proceeding to reprove him, she said, " Tell Adelaide, that I cannot answer the letter she has just sent me ; but my heart truly participates in her prospects : we shall soon meet perhaps, for I leave Felieri with my aunt in a few days. Farewel Demetrius ! Farewel !"—

She arose trembling, as she spoke, and the paleness of death spread over her face : a thick mist gathered before the eyes of Demetrius : he wrapped his arms round her as she stood beside him, and their cold cheeks rested against each other. Grief locked up the power of speech, and he embraced her for the last time, in mute despair.

Constantia plucked from her neck the ivory crucifix of the Duchess, and at the same moment, wildly kissing his picture which she wore there also, put the little cross into his hand, and tore herself away.

Demetrius fell to the ground, deprived of sense.

As no one entered the chamber where he lay, it was long ere he revived: when he did so, the full sense of his misery burst on him like the light. But phrensy was over: he committed the ivory relic to his bosom; after which, he went to take a ceremonial farewell of the Prince and Princess of Nuremberg.

Professions of good-will, and a cold compliment to his just notion of the Duchess's injustice, were made him by the Prince. Demetrius hastily interrupted them.

"Your highness must pardon me, if I avow myself actuated by very different sentiments, and call the Will surprising, but not unjust. The bounty of the Duchess was proportioned to her affection for me, not indeed to my deserts; yet her fortune was as much her own to bestow, as her friendship. I therefore protest against such an ungrateful inference, and beg leave to state my real motives."—

"Well Sir, state them, if you please." And the Prince bit his lips as he spoke.

"I believed, that when the Duchess executed that noble deed, she did it under the impression that I would hereafter aspire to a felicity, from which my presumptuous eyes, are now averted for ever."

A sigh burst forth with these words, and De-

metrius paused for a moment : Nuremberg's blood crimsoned his face.

The former resumed. " It would have been dishonesty, therefore, to preserve what was given me, by a deed so executed. I was certain, also, that without the knowledge of circumstances which never can be promulgated, the world might suspect my integrity, and accuse my disinterestedness : this, for my own part, I could front serenely ; conscious honour, being an unpierceable shield—but, distinguished by the favour of Princess Constantia, it becomes the duty of my life, and it shall be the business of it, to preserve her from censure, by proving, that the man so honoured, has the spirit of his birth, rather than of his fortune."

He stopped ; and his countenance glowed with the loftiness of his feelings.

" Then Sir," replied the Prince coldly, " obligation on my part, ceases. Till now, I really had no idea that so rational and equitable an action, had its source in romance and self-consideration."

" I would not have you Sir," returned Demetrius, looking full at him, " believe yourself under the slightest obligation to me—nay, I wish you to know, that had a fortunate destiny given me the illustrious treasure of your niece's hand, I should not have presumed to alter one article of the Duchess's will : and had I never known Princess

Constantia, I should have *preserved* this vast gift, even at the price of your highness's approbation."

Demetrius waited a moment to give the Prince time to answer this galling avowal, but the latter only gnawed his under lip: the other bowed and withdrew.

Demetrius was still rash, still imprudent, and would have spurned the counsel, that urged only the caution of silence: what he felt, he burned to shew; believing that to hide his feelings, was equivalent to the more impudent falsehood of denying them.

A flush was still on his cheek, when he crossed the hall to depart. The sight of the domestics gathered there to bless and bewail him, and the dejected countenance of father Pietro, who had long been the confident of the Duchess, banished this glow. He shook hands with the servants, embraced father Pietro, and then looking round the hall, as if bidding eternal farewell to its senseless walls, hastened through the portico, to the vehicle that was to convey him for ever from Felieri.

CHAP. V.

A TEDIOUS journey was performed by Demetrius, without noticing either its length or its discomforts ; he moved mechanically from carriage to carriage, for his spirit was still with Constantia : but as he entered Suabia, thought of as dear an object, called back the wandering soul.

Charles was hurrying over military dispatches in his own quarters at Donaueschingen when his brother arrived there : not having heard the wheels of the carriage, he was unconscious of its approach, till he saw him by his side.

At sight of him, joy flushed over his face : he rose hastily from his seat, and wrapped him in his arms. “ My brother ! my dear brother ! my beloved Demetrius ! ”—

Pressed to this best of human hearts, Demetrius felt as if he had reached a shelter from every coming storm : the bosom of his brother, seemed his home : and accustomed from infancy, to find comfort and

tenderness there, he retained the memory of past security, and the hope of future peace.

Apprized of the Duchess's death, Charles was prepared to see his brother dejected ; but there was an expression in his features, that announced a heart completely desolate. He pushed aside his still-beautiful hair, and gazed with bursting grief on that altered complexion, over which it once played like sun-beams among flowers.

He looked awhile, till the tears gathering fast in his own eyes, obscured their sight ; he then turned away, shook the hand grasping his, exclaiming in a tone of piercing tenderness, "My poor Demetrius !" —

Demetrius moved to a window, and stood there in silence till their mutual agitation subsided.

No one is completely wretched, unless they are abandoned of virtue. While that angel remains with the human soul, springs of comfort arise, even in the stony desart.

Demetrius was speedily sensible of much consolation : he was conscious of having sacrificed his fondest wishes a second time at the altar of duty ; and, while praised and pitied by his brother, while blessing Heaven for preserving to him that faithful friend, was able to curb rebellious regret, and look with gladness on the brilliant destiny of Charles.

Yet, the perusal of a letter from de Liancour, caused him much emotion. It affectingly described

the sensibility with which his daughter heard of the death of Mr. de Fontainville, and the constancy of Demetrius: professed his own satisfaction at an event, which however solemn, was not to be lamented; and concluded by saying, that the moment Zaire left her chamber, (where she had been confined with a fever, in consequence of her late surprise;) they would return to Germany.

It was not in the nature of our young hussar, to read this testimony of an attachment so faithful and so ardent, without finding some portion of his former fondness revive for its seducing object. He suffered his thoughts to wander back over many an hour of trancing delight; while his eyes, floating in tears, were fixed upon her miniature, which he had once given to Charles, and which the latter now restored.

The recollection of the moment in which he gave it; the sight of its faultless love-kindling beauty; the memory of her looks and words, long since banished from his mind, grew tenderer every instant. He threw himself on a seat, and smiting his breast with one hand, while with the other he pressed the picture to his lips—exclaimed, “O Charles, how is this heart rent and divided!”—

By the gentle reasoning and still more persuasive endearments of his brother, he was at length brought to composure: a secret pleasure at this revival of a long buried attachment, spread healing

through his breast, and after a day spent in calmer discourse, he was capable of visiting Balzac, and being introduced to Marshal Ingersdorf.

Adelaide received Demetrius with the affection of a sister: her susceptible heart had entered too much into the feelings of her friend, and of her lover, not to throb with pain at thus meeting the unfortunate cause of distress to both.

She now lavished on him, those soft attentions which her bashfulness still deterred her from freely bestowing on Charles; and without appearing to forget that the absent Constantia was mourning un-comforted, exerted all her powers to animate and to sooth.

Marshal Ingersdorf cordially welcomed the brother of his favourite; and, as he was enthusiastic in "the human face divine," contemplated Demetrius with undisguised pleasure. He had heard of his personal advantages; but associating the idea of boyishness with a splendid complexion, was agreeably surprized to find the expression of a matured mind, and youthful sensibility united in him. He had yet to discover the eloquence of that luminous complexion, when health and animation should again speak through it.

The good canon and his sister supposing Demetrius an invalid, (from some occasional glows of colour, which proved his paleness to be accidental,) were lavish in their recipes and condolences:

their guest lent a grateful ear to them ; as if desirous to quiet the solicitude of his brother, by appearing to extract amusement from every thing.

Charles loved him the more for this amiable consideration ; and his own heart grew even heavier than his.

It is not to be imagined, however, that Count Leopoldstat was so super-excellent as to be indifferent about the completion of his own peculiar wishes : far from it. Till Adelaide should be his wife, he dreaded some fantastic improbability might start up, and snatch her from him. He had therefore used part of this evening, (when the rest of the company were otherwise engaged,) in winning her to name the day of his happiness. Blushingly she named it : and blushing still more, she broke away from the indiscreet rapture, with which, forgetting the presence of every other person, he attempted to catch her in his arms.

None but the Marshal saw the hasty action : he guessed its cause from the retreat of his daughter, and immediately glided round to Charles. The latter was severely chiding himself for what he had done, when the old officer joined him : The Marshal was easily mollified by his pathetic apologies, though he called him an indiscreet vagabond. He heard with pleasure, that in a week's time, his Adelaide would resign herself to a husband's protection : Upon which, he warned Charles to prepare himself

with some trifling present for her ; as it had been the custom of all the Ingersdorf's from the flood, to exchange gifts on the morning of their union.

In the interval between this evening, and the morning of the nuptials, Demetrius addressed Zaire. He resolved to think of nothing but her, while he wrote the letter, and consequently, it breathed only tenderness.

From a few lines of de Liancour, he learned that they were to sail for Hamburgh by the next Packet. A breeze could not breathe now, without agitating him : so strongly mingled were his feelings of love and pity, so blended were the images of the past, with visions of the future, that he scarcely knew what were the unbiassed wishes of his heart.

The wind blew adverse to vessels from England ; and the day of his brother's marriage found Demetrius still in a state of suspense.

The Baron and Baroness of Ingersdorf, were the only additions made to the party at Balzac. Count Forshiem had been invited, but he was enjoying a short leave of absence in the society of Lorenza Soldini, and contented himself with sending a letter of congratulation.

Resolving not to cloud a day of joy by one melancholy look, Demetrius accompanied his brother to Balzac. Blameless transport sparkled in the eyes of Charles : he looked the happy man he was.

Adelaide met his grateful glances, with one of modest delight. A short ceremony united them; giving to the agitated Marshal, a son in whom he had a right to glory.

Obedient to his father-in-law, Charles now presented Adelaide with an ornament for her arm; and she in return, put into his hand a roll of paper. Upon opening it, what was his surprise to find it an instrument that restored to him, the chief part of his Hungarian estates.

He had been scrupulously firm, in requiring every particle of Mam'selle Ingersdorf's fortune to be settled on herself, and entirely at her disposal; how then, was he overwhelmed, when he perceived that the dowry he already thought so large, was but a small division of what must have been her portion!

Distressed, yet thrilling with tender admiration, he turned to seek Adelaide, but she was gone: the Marshal too, was hastily retreating.—

"Stay, stay, dear Sir!" cried Charles, eagerly detaining him, "let me not be quite lost in this excess of benefits! for heaven's sake, take back a gift which can only proceed from *you*."

"Hold your tongue, puppy, hold your tongue!" cried the Marshal, striving to break away, "it was the girl's proposal: she exchanged her own property, to reclaim your's, and I have nothing to do with it. Take back! what the deuce, you would not

have me turn robber in my old age, and snatch what don't belong to me? and you would not have had me leave the foolish child as dependent as she had made herself, would you?—I have given *you* nothing; I have parted with nothing for you, but her.”—

“And she!—O Sir,” cried the glowing Charles “how could you believe me capable of delighting in any other possession!”

“Well, well! it's no business of mine,” repeated the Marshal, “settle it between you: I only know; the estates were her's an hour ago, and now they are her husband's; and when that prating fellow comes to be a father like me, he will rejoice to think, that his virtues restored to his son, what a misguided grandfather would have deprived him of.”

The Marshal now got away, without effort; for a crowd of tumultuous feelings, painted the manly features of Charles, and loosened his ardent grasp. Delighted, disordered, entranced, he sought his bride, at whose feet he poured forth his gratitude and love.

It was in scenes like this, that Demetrius soberized his own regrets. Resigned to his lot, and resolutely endeavouring to meet it with cheerfulness, he waited the arrival of Zaire, with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

But never was the image of Constantia absent from his mind: She was with him, thought itself.

Only in his prayers did he permit himself to dwell on so dangerous a theme ; and then, his soul sprung eagerly to recount, and bless her virtues.

Constantia was now in his neighbourhood ; she was at Munich.

After the departure of Demetrius from Felieri, the Prince of Nuremberg informed his niece, that she must prepare to return into Bavaria : Constantia made no opposition ; for though she wished to remain in the scene of past happiness, she was desirous of convincing her uncle, that she would cheerfully make every reasonable sacrifice to his convenience or gratification.

Life, as it now lay before her, presented a dreary blank : but she reflected, that it was still in her power to fill up that blank, with beneficial actions ; and therefore resolved to seek occasions for using her wealth worthily, and exercising the social affections.

The love she bore Demetrius had been too long indulged, too closely coupled with the belief of becoming his wife, too much sanctified by the approval of her parent, to admit the probability of its ever being transferred.

She had resigned herself with such passionate tenderness, to the contemplation of spending life with him, that delicacy would have revolted from realizing the fond dream with any other.

To suffer a long period of silent regret ; and

then, to find a new interest spring up in her heart, for his offspring, was now the sole object of her hopes : she dwelt with thrilling pensiveness on the last idea ; anticipating the moment in which she might be able to behold a child of his, without envying its happy mother.

Many, were then, the romantic anticipations of her warm and pure heart !—In the bloom of youth and beauty, she contemplated with satisfaction the years that were to steal that youth and beauty away ; and while her whole being, was but love for Demetrius, ardently prayed that Madame de Fontainville might render him a happy husband, and a still happier father.

To the religion of Constantia, (which was not a religion of mere forms) she was indebted for these consoling thoughts. She had early learned to seek occasions for pious thankfulness ; and now, so far from determining to be wretched the remainder of her time, endeavoured to discover the best method for comforting her desolate heart.

Desolate that heart was, beyond all expression : from that of the happy Adelaide, it generously shrunk ; fearful of blighting her enjoyments, by its sadness : it was eternally exiled from the hope of uniting with the one so fondly chosen ; and had now no tender relatives to lean on for support under oppressive unkindness.

Tears trickled over the clasped hands of Con-

stantia, as she sat pondering on these things. "No, dearest Saint!" she said softly to herself, (addressing the shade of the Duchess,) "never shall this hand, which yours joined with that of Demetrius, be given to another! My days shall henceforth be devoted to blessing my fellow-creatures, without thought of myself. The poor and the forlorn, shall become my children: O may I find some solace in such sacred duties!"

She then gazed on the picture of Demetrius which lay on her bosom, till its lineaments floated before her swimming eyes. Sighs thronged after each other; and a fear of impropriety checked the kiss she was just going to give it: but her pure conscience dispelled the momentary doubt. "There can be no harm in a love like mine," she cried, "which wants nothing but his happiness." Angels might have sanctioned this disinterested assertion.

Upon leaving Felieri, she ordered every domestic to be retained; every pension to be continued; and the almoner of the late Duchess to distribute, as formerly unlimited assistance to the sick and poor. She promised to make Felieri her residence whenever her guardian would permit, until the day that, terminating his power, should enable her to restore it to the young Count Leopoldstat.

This avowal, made in the Prince's presence, threw him into a fit of silent gloom which lasted many hours during their journey. At length he

broke it himself, by making a bitter observation on the distribution of his illustrious aunt's fortune.

"Uncle!" said Constantia, "let us not grow into enemies. I promise to avoid occasions of displeasing you, and I intreat you will do the same by me. To reflect upon the memory of our dear relation, is to rouse all the indignant feelings of my nature. You have no reason to accuse her of injustice: She has shared the greatest part of her property, it is true, between me, and Count Leopold; but, I had been her companion for two years: I had devoted myself to the task of enlivening her solitary old age; and I was portionless: Count Demetrius, at the hazard of his own life, preserved both her's and mine; and he too, was poor. Where, then, was the injustice of giving to the objects of her love and gratitude, what they wanted so much?"

"Remember, Sir, that such censures will provoke two questions—Did you wish for a larger legacy, from interested motives? or was it merely because it would have proved much love in the giver?"

Constantia's penetrating eyes, seconded these questions as she uttered them: the Prince reddened, while he stammered out an affirmative to the latter.

"Urge that no more, Sir;—urge that no more," she cried with great agitation—"Your Highness's own heart will tell you how often and how unkindly you chilled the affectionate breast that was ever open to receive you. No one can expect to be loved, with-

out they love in return : and the remonstrances you made so often against my grandmamma's mode of spending her income, the haughtiness with which you treated the noble youth that preserved her from a dreadful death, were, I know, considered by her, as proofs of your indifference."

" You are admirably dexterous, Madam, at discovering excuses for a conduct by which you are so much the gainer ;" said Nuremberg, " no wonder you plead the cause thus ably. But I query whether the shade of our relative, would accept this spirit of temporal interest, as any great proof of *your* disinterested affection."

" As the greatest," exclaimed Constantia vehemently, yet bursting into tears: " If I could sit tamely by, even to weep, while she was cruelly traduced, I should be unworthy of her goodness.—" You know not my soul, uncle, if you really think what you say : wealth can have few charms for a young creature like me whose whole existence, must henceforth be endured, not enjoyed ; and who would far rather bury herself and her wretchedness in the cells of a convent, than be thus forced to mingle in a world where she has no longer any source of happiness."

The Princess of Nuremberg, now kindly pressed the weeping Constantia in her arms : " Nay, you must not speak thus ;" she said, " the good Duchess was indeed more than a parent to you ; but all happiness is not buried with her !"

“Your Highness’s consolation on that topic, is a work of supererogation,” observed the sarcastic Prince. “This young Lady had no such extravagant notion in her head. She has already given me to understand, that disappointment in love, not regret at the death of a doting grandmother, is the mighty affliction, which makes the world so hateful to her.”

Constantia trembled through every fibre, with a mixture of shame and indignation. Resentment gave her courage, and raising her face from the bosom of her aunt, she said with modest steadiness, “I ought not to blush at avowing an attachment which grew from gratitude and esteem, into a preference that must for ever exclude another: and I will not deny, that the disappointment of its hopes, is the dark cloud which rests eternally on all my prospects.—Sorrows for which we are not prepared, Prince, fall heavier than those for which we are: reflections on the course of nature, and observation of my beloved parent’s gradual decay, had warned me that I must soon lose her: but for the disappointment”—Constantia could not proceed further; her tender spirit yielded at the thought of Demetrius; and she leaned sobbing against the side of the carriage.

“Had your affections been placed upon a proper object,” returned the Prince after a long silence; “I should have been extremely sorry for you: but you must not wonder at my being irritated, exasperated

beyond all measure, at this union of meanness with folly.—To become attached to a boy, a beggar, a fellow that prefers some obscure woman to a Princess of Nuremberg!—Gracious heaven! that one should ever have been offered to him!—The Duchess must have been deprived of her senses, thus to disgrace our house and name!”

Constantia’s eyes sparkled with resentment, “I repeat to you, Sir,” she said, “that unless you mean to alienate my heart from you for ever, you must no longer speak of its two dearest objects in such unworthy terms. You are my uncle; as such I am desirous to love and honour you: but I can do neither, if you thus continue wantonly to afflict, cruelly to insult me.

“You know not how much may be done with me, by kindness: treat me tenderly, and you shall have no cause to complain of my inattention even to your Highness’s prejudices.”

The Prince sternly surveyed her. “I find my guardianship will be no easy task, since I have so absurd, and rebellious a spirit, to manage. Do you forget that you are a child? That you have lived little more than eighteen years in the world?—or what is it that makes you presume to dictate terms to your uncle? I am not to be talked with in sentences out of romance: I will hear no more of this *loving for ever*, this devotedness to a boy (as silly and romantic as yourself,) only because he has a

handsome face, and performed to admiration, the office of a fire-man."

Constantia darted on him another lightening glance, without speaking: he went on: "And as to the preposterous resolution of returning him the Felieri property, (unless, indeed, it be a thing colleague between you, for the sake of giving him an opportunity of *acting* generosity,) I have no terms strong enough to call it by. However, I sincerely believe, that in six weeks you will learn the value of property; and in six weeks more, most likely, transfer yourself and your power of doing ridiculous acts, to some other man entitled to demand your hand."

"When I do, Sir," answered the young Princess, "I give you leave to lavish on me all those conciliatory epithets with which you have now honoured me."

As she spoke, she wrapped herself round in her mantle, and leaned back in her carriage, with a look that seemed to say, "I shall speak no more on this subject." The Prince understood it; and his wife remained silent also.

Constantia's soul was resolute, but her delicate frame ill-seconded its strength: she now shook through every limb; and her heart palpitated to sickness. To this momentary exertion of spirit, languor succeeded, which for the remainder of the journey preserved her in dejected silence.

At Munich, she was plunged into a vortex of company. The Prince scrupulously attended to *étiquette* in suspending his public days; but under the name of friendly parties, crowded his house as usual.

Nothing could be more disagreeable to his niece, than the sight of strangers at such a period; yet she strove to conciliate where she wished to esteem, and constraining her heart, appeared at all his assemblies.

The youth and beauty of the Princess, were now almost unnoticed: though she was formed to charm a fine taste, under every humour, her present melancholy was far from attracting the multitude; and she herself had no motive for pleasing. Those eyes, which by exciting sweet emotions, embellished the very beauty they gazed on, were far away: Constantia had no one to be charming for; and her soul, careless of display, dwelt inward.

From the gaze of curiosity, or momentary admiration, she turned mournfully away, seeking her only pleasure in the sports of her little cousin, (a boy of five years old,) to whose endearing gaiety, she often owed a respite from painful musings.

The countenance of this child reminded her of Demetrius.—Amadeus, indeed, resembled his fair cousin, and she was something like her lover; yet none but a lover's eye, would have discovered any similitude between Demetrius and the little Nu-

remberg.—We are apt to think those objects strictly alike, which produce in us the same emotions; and turning from the sight of angry frowns or pert simpers, to the contemplation of bloom, candour, and intelligence, Constantia delighted to fancy that she found in features so animated, a sketch of her Leopoldstat's.

She was one evening hearing the little fellow say his prayers, before he should be taken to bed, when the door of the room opened, and she beheld Adelaide.

“Dear, unkind Constantia!” cried the latter, advancing, and folding her arms round her, “why have you left us to learn by chance of your arrival here.”—

“I wished to be in better health and spirits:” replied the Princess. “I knew your affectionate heart too well, not to believe that my unavoidable sadness would afflict it.”

She then rose from the embrace of Adelaide, and beheld Charles standing near them.

At sight of him, the brother of Demetrius, her cheeks completely faded: but quickly the blush of innocent shame made them glow again. Charles was penetrated with regret. To see so sweet a creature thus blighted in the very bud of existence; to observe her charming countenance, announcing every qualification requisite to render that existence honourable and happy, now dimmed with disap-

pointment; to recal what she had been so lately, while beholding what she was now, gave an expression of tenderness to his looks, equal to that with which he was accustomed to regard Demetrius.

Constantia comprehended his thoughts, and tears started into her eyes. She tried to smile—"Have I the satisfaction," she said, "of seeing my friend's husband, in Count Leopoldstat?"

The blush of Adelaide, and smile of Charles, answered this question.

Constantia was magnificently dressed for a supper party of her aunt's; but regardless of every ornament, had lifted her nephew from the ground, and now held him on her bosom sheltered by the train of her velvet robe. The disturbance of her fine hair, (part of which braided with jet, fell over her fair shoulders;) and the destruction of a beautiful bouquet, never excited a moment's consideration: she kept sheltering the almost-undressed Amadeus in her arms; and unconsciously looked far more graceful than ever she did in all the precision of the toilette.

The errand of Adelaide was to invite her friend to Marshal Ingersdorf's house; or if that were denied, to offer herself as her visitor.

"And did you believe me capable of tearing you from such a companion as that?" asked the Princess, directing her eyes to Charles, who had

purposely taken the pretty Amadeus from its fair nurse, and was now caressing him at a remote end of the apartment. "Happy Adelaide," she added, "how do I delight in the fate that has given you such a husband!"

The brilliant eyes of Adelaide were at the same time fixed on the same graceful object: in sweet tumult, her heart was repeating to itself, "he is mine! he is mine!" while memory rapidly recalled his various excellencies. But the very fulness of her own felicity, made her friend's cup appear more bitter; and she embraced her with redoubled tenderness, protesting, that to comfort one so dear, would turn a painful sacrifice, into a gratification.

"I am sure it would;" replied Constantia, "and I reject so kind an offer, for powerful reasons. For awhile, it will be better that I should not see even your Charles—he is too like—his voice—his smile—that expression of noble sincerity." Her faltering accents lost themselves in sighs, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

Adelaide pressed her hand, while she whispered, "But you shall not see him again till you wish it, if you will but go with me to my father's, or suffer me to come to you."—

"Alas I cannot:" replied the Princess, "I should be lost, if I were to have any one near me so tender as yourself: my grief must not be indulged: and besides, the Prince of Nuremberg is

not likely to bear the name of Leopoldstat, without emotions that would render him an ungracious host to my best friend. Visit me then in this way—comfort me with your occasional society, and you will soon see me as gay as ever.”

“As gay as ever!—ah, my dear Constantia!”—while Adelaide repeated these words, her eyes filled with tears.

Constantia then ventured to ask after Demetrius: and learned that he was still in expectation of his friends from England. When the flutter with which she listened to this, was over, she rang the bell, and desired a servant to inform her uncle and aunt, that the Count and Countess of Leopoldstat were then with her. This message was answered by another, purporting that the Prince would be happy to see them in the drawing-room.

The uniform of Charles, was acknowledged dress; and his lovely bride, merely laying aside her pelisse and hat, was habited for an evening: Constantia gave the child to its attendants, and led the way to the drawing room.

A brilliant assembly filled the spacious saloon, at the top of which, Count Leopoldstat recognised the Princess of Nuremberg. She met his graceful salute with a cordiality restrained by fear: her husband coldly bowed.

The majestic manhood of Charles, his unembarrassed nay almost commanding mein, his high

military station, and his established fame, somewhat awed the Prince. It was not now, a rash, indiscreet youth, undervaluing his own qualities, and forgetting his own services, that stood before him : it was a man conscious of desert, as well as birth ; one, that was not to be insulted, without bringing upon his insulter, universal opprobrium.

Meanly influenced by public opinion, Nuremberg assumed the Prince, mingled a little courtesy with his loftiness, and condescended to receive Count Leopoldstat with the respect due to his reputation.

Constantia's soft heart melted at this unexpected graciousness. Without suffering herself to see its motive, she strove to evince her gratification by a vivacity which helped to enliven her uncle's visitors, while it saddened her own. They were too much in her bosom's secret, to be deceived by externals.

When supper was over, the chamberlain informed the Count and Countess of Leopoldstat, that apartments were prepared for them in the palace. They did not therefore leave Munich till the next morning.

It required all the tenderness of Charles to soothe the grief of his wife, after parting for the night from Princess Constantia.—The pain of seeing her youthful person so altered, overcame Adelaide, and sinking upon a seat, the tears she had restrained before her, fell uncontroled on the bosom of her husband.

But even tears thus shed, had their sweetness : Adelaide remembered the time, when she wept alone and un comforted for his sake ; and as his arms now fondly encircled her, almost wondered at herself for ever weeping at any thing.

“ We should be too happy,” she said with naïveté, “ far too happy, if it were not for our dear Demetrius, and Constantia.”

Never to Charles, did the voice of Adelaide sound so delightful, as when she spoke affectionately of his brother. His eyes now filled with more than their usual tenderness ; he covered her hand with kisses, and uttered over it, an exclamation of grateful pleasure.

When we love excellent persons, their conduct under misfortune, never fails to solace the pain with which we participate in their calamity : Leopoldstat drew from the fortitude of Constantia, solid consolation for his wife. She was too susceptible of whatever is admirable in human character, not to confess that Constantia’s evident endeavour to stifle regret, and to fulfil the duties of her important station, was a cordial to her own distress.

Before the family assembled at breakfast the next morning, the friends passed two hours together. In this interview Adelaide found fresh reasons for lamenting the trials of a young creature, whose tender heart embracing all the sufferers of

earth, already began to occupy itself with numberless plans for their succour.

Constantia had none of that selfish weakness, which delights in extracting the commiseration of friendship by an unnecessary display of irremediable misery: she therefore did not dwell on the subject heaviest in her breast, nor express her determination of never marrying. But Adelaide guessed this resolution. The Princess chalked out a scheme of her future life, which spread so wide in munificent expense, and was so remote from all idea of control, that she unawares betrayed her secret. The Countess sighed as she perceived it, inwardly repining at the destiny which prevented them from being sisters.

As they were about to join the family, Constantia said, hesitatingly—"Remember me to Demetrius; but how, I know not:—as his friend, his unchangeable friend!"—she cast down her eyes, sighed deeply, and then resumed—"Whatever may befall him, Adelaide, let me always know it: I could not live, without permitting myself to share in every one of his joys or sorrows. You misunderstand me sadly, if you suppose me capable of forgetting him—ah no—the hope of living to hear he is quite happy—perhaps of witnessing that happiness—alone animates my soul."

The appearance of the Princess of Nuremberg

at an opposite door opening into the same gallery, checked the reply of Adelaide.

Glad of an opportunity to shew attention where it was due, and removed from the petrific glance of her husband, the Princess approached Madame Leopolstat, and made her usual enquiries about her accommodations and rest, which though nothing in themselves, are transmuted into precious things by a gracious manner.

Adelaide answered this courteousness with a smile that invited further kindness ; and by several remarks on the young Amadeus, made her way instantly to the heart of his mother.

The ladies then entered the breakfast room, and found Count Leopolstat and the Prince already there.

In the long conversation which these gentlemen had held, upon books, politics, and persons, the former sounded without difficulty, the intellect of the latter : he found it miserably shallow ; and consequently pitied those otherwise-detestable prejudices, which were the joint product of a defective education and a feeble mind.

Had a man of sense acted as the Prince of Nuremberg did, Leopolstat would have treated him with austere indignation : but convinced that his conduct resulted from an ill-humoured temperament which knew not the restraint of reason, he looked

at him with compassion, and behaved to him with civility.

As they had both avoided a discussion of the transactions at Felieri, they sat down to breakfast with more appearance of cordiality, than they had met the evening before.

Charles caressed the little Amadeus with so much sweetness, (allowing him to twist his hair into a thousand fantastic forms) that he thawed some of the ice on the heart of the Prince; who must have been a monster, had he not felt like a father, while his child was yet of that happy age, from which nothing can spring to jar parental affection.

He condescended to say, that when Count Leopoldstat should be released from service and resident in Vienna, he should have the honour of returning this visit, and that till then, he hoped to have the pleasure of receiving him and his Countess occasionally at Munich.

Charles bowed; but took care to shew that he accepted so haughty an invitation, principally from a wish of facilitating the interviews of his wife and the young Princess.

Soon after breakfast, the carriage was announced, and Adelaide bade adieu to her friend.

CHAP. VI.

ON the road to Dutlingen, they encountered Demetrius, who was galloping home after having executed some orders given him by the General. As he leaned from his horse against the opened window of the carriage, his excessive paleness alarmed the Count and Countess.

Charles observed such a tremor in his voice, that he hastily asked if any thing extraordinary had happened? His brother alternately changing colour said, "I have received a letter from Madame de Fontainville :—She is at Hamburgh very ill—and I cannot obtain leave to go to her."—The extreme agitation of his manner, rendered these few sentences almost unintelligible.

Adelaide laid her hand affectionately on his, beseeching him not to alarm himself, as she doubted not but Madame de Fontainville's sickness was the consequence of a long-protracted voyage.

"I hope so," replied Demetrius, still trembling in his speech—"but to know she is in the same

country with me—and so ill!—I would give the world to go to her—she will think me ungrateful—cold-hearted—you know not how this intelligence has affected me.”

“I see how much it has,” observed Charles; “but my dear brother you agitate yourself without cause. Madame de Fontainville is acquainted with the restraints laid on a soldier during war; she will not, she cannot expect you.—A letter is the only proof of anxiety which duty leaves in your power.—What is her complaint?”

“Here are the few lines she has written,” said Demetrius, holding them out, with an unsteady hand; “they were meant to save me from apprehension: but instead of that, they make me fear.”—His lips refused to utter what he feared; for in the probability of losing Zaire by death, he lost all consciousness of preferring another.

Upon reading the letter, Charles found that Madame de Fontainville’s disorder was a violent fever in consequence of a boisterous voyage: Seeing no grounds for encouraging premature alarm, he suggested so many cheering circumstances, that Demetrius became composed.

“Ah that apprehensive heart of his!” cried Charles, (as he drew up the carriage window, and his brother kissed his hand to them with a tearful smile) “when will he be able to allay its restless sensibility?” He spoke this with the air of a man

engrossed by one object ; and Adelaide forbore to disturb the current of his reflections. He fell into a deep reverie about Demetrius ; while her thoughts roved from supposition to supposition, from Ham-burgh to Munich, from Zaire living, to Zaire dead, with an agitation that made fancy painful.

On reaching home, (for Charles had hired a house *pro tempore*,) they found the Field Marshal impatient for their return.

“So you vagrants!” he cried, “you have found the way back at last. I have had a precious dismal time of it since you left me—what with the want of my breakfast-maker, and what with your brother, Charles ! (who by the way, is at once one of the most agreeable and disagreeable puppies in existence,) I am both hungry and miserable. I foresee he’ll cost me as many sighs as might fill the sails of a navy. What the plague did you bring him from Italy for ? Had I not had enough of torment with you ? I have been trying to get him ten days’ leave ; but it can’t be done : and so, doubtless I must set off myself for Ham-burgh, and learn what’s the matter with the foolish woman.”

The sincerest concern struggled through the jocular-ity of the Marshal. Ignorant of young Leopoldstat’s later attachment to Princess Constantia, and well acquainted with the violence of his former passion, he was earnest in the wish of obtaining for

him, certain accounts of Madame de Fontainville's situation.

Adelaide warmly seconded this benevolent intention, and Charles accepted the service with gratitude.

When Demetrius joined them, and learnt that the Marshal only waited for a letter of introduction to the Marquis de Liancour, his thankfulness expressed itself in his eyes; he wrote a few agitated lines to Zaire, and then Ingersdorf departed.

This agitation of Demetrius's was far from assumed, or wilfully fomented. Constantia, indeed was the object of his tenderest preference; but having once loved the interesting Zaire, having uniformly received from her the liveliest testimonies of exclusive and faithful passion, he would have been lost to the common sensibilities of youth, had he not contemplated with anguish, the prospect of her death. Before his brother and sister, he concealed part of his anxiety; and as they never talked more of Constantia than circumstances rendered unavoidable, he was not distracted with solicitude about her.

The third day of the Marshal's absence, Adelaide was sitting alone, expecting the return of her husband and brother, when she was startled by the sound of her father's voice: She rose, and hastening to the room door, saw him, and the Marquis

de Liancour, slowly leading Madame de Fontainville along the gallery.

Transfixed into painful surprise, she stood for a moment motionless : but dismissing the sudden emotion, hurried forward, and took the place of the Marshal. This was no time for questions ; Madame de Fontainville with difficulty reached the supper-room, where she sunk on a sopha without speaking. Softly instructing her companions how best to support her, Adelaide would not crowd the place with attendants, but brought and administered restoratives herself. She had then leisure to look at the poor invalid.

Where was that beauty which seemed capable of defying time and decay ? under the grasp of death, it hath withered. No crimson blood now flowed through the finely-rounded cheek, and smiling mouth ; no sparkling fluid floated over the rayless eyes ; that skin which once dazzled with animated whiteness was turned to lifeless marble ; and the shape, which a statuary might have selected for a Phryne, was wasted nearly away.

Still, to the gaze of pitying remembrance, there remained some touches of exquisite loveliness. Adelaide's tender heart melted within her ; and gently putting her arms round the panting Zaire, she supported her fainting head on her bosom ! She then besought both gentlemen to withdraw, in order to prevent the abrupt entrance of Leopoldstat, whom

she whispered them to prepare for the extreme indisposition of Madame de Fontainville.

When strength and speech returned to Zaire, she expressed her gratitude with all the energy of unsubdued sensibility.

"I shall not live to be your sister, sweet Adelaide!" she faintly said, "but this goodness makes me feel as if I were so.—I am much better now; where is Demetrius?—Surely the sight of him, will give me back my life!"

Tears gushed to her eyes, as she pronounced this hopeless wish: they started in those of her pitying attendant.—Adelaide hastened to change the subject, by inquiring how they had met thus soon? With a gasping breath, Madame de Fontainville related, that having overcome the crisis of her fever, and being impatient to see Demetrius, she had prevailed upon her father to proceed; and had reached a stage fifty miles distant, when completely overcome, they stopped for the night. Marshal Ingersdorf happened to hear their names mentioned as he was changing horses at the same inn, and immediately presented himself. He would have persuaded her to remain where she was, (her fever having returned), but she foreboded too sad a termination, to follow his judicious counsel: she persisted in proceeding; and the dejected de Liancour had nothing left but to accept the services of

the Marshal, and permit him to become their companion onwards.

Unintentionally deceived by the worthy Ingersdorf, who painted the anxiety of Demetrius in the most vivid colours, Madame de Fontainville never for an instant suspected that the heart of her lover, had yielded up its passion at the command of virtue. Adelaide perceived this; and thought it no crime to indulge so soothing an error.

When her patient was sufficiently recovered, she ceded to her impatience, and went in search of Demetrius: he was now with de Liancour and the Marshal, listening to the unexpected confession of Zaire's danger.

Never before, had Adelaide beheld such anguish in the countenance of any human creature. He was shocked past all expression: for the very consciousness of preferring another, to a woman so devoted, and once so beloved, added stings to the barb of grief.

He now eagerly obeyed his sister's summons. At the door of Zaire's apartment, he turned to Adelaide, and said hastily "Leave me here." He entered; and Adelaide lingered a moment, fearful of the effect which his presence might have on Madame de Fontainville. His passionate exclamation of tenderness and sorrow, was lost in sighs: but she distinctly heard Zaire say, "Yes—your's;—your's still, even in death."

Adelaide then moved lightly away, and meeting Charles, was led by him into a neighbouring apartment: there they mourned together, in silence.

On the arrival of a physician, for whom Count Leopoldstat had sent, Adelaide went to procure Madame de Fontainville's permission, for his admittance: the appearance of her gentle figure at the room-door, roused Demetrius: he folded the still-dear Zaire, ardently in his arms, and whispering a benediction for the night, broke from her.—

Adelaide approached the invalid.—“Whatever becomes of me,” cried the latter, with wild enthusiasm, “I am happy, completely happy!—I have seen him!—I have again felt the throbbing of that faithful heart!—I shall see him to-morrow too!—O gracious, too indulgent Heaven!” At these words, she fell back in a fit, occasioned by excess of grief, and excess of joy.

The aid of the physician was now found indispensable: his utmost efforts to calm her convulsive agitation were a long time fruitless: at length she sunk into a dull trance, during which, she was conveyed to bed; and from which she awoke, deprived of reason.

The spirits of Charles and Adelaide, were now severely tasked: as this delirium was the consequence of hurried feelings, and might be dated from the hour in which she heard of her husband's death, and as it was accompanied by a raging fever, no

hopes were entertained of her recovery. To comfort the father, to quiet the irritable sensibility of the Marshal, to prepare the mind of Demetrius, and to write a short detail of their situation to Princess Constantia, sadly occupied the before-happy hours of the young Countess.

Benevolence is nearly omnipotent: for the delicate Adelaide found not only mental but bodily strength for all these exertions.

During a whole week, never once did a ray of reason penetrate the darkened intellect of Zaire: yet its visions were delightfully bright; and she seemed to preserve in madness, the transporting emotion by which it had been produced.

While gazing on the rapturous smile dimpling her hectic cheek, while listening to the ecstatic fondness with which she addressed the object of her fatal attachment, Demetrius no longer regretted that she had been innocently deceived. He sat night and day by her side, though she knew him not; and perpetually spoke to others of him, as if he were absent.

In answer to her friend's letter, Constantia wrote a reply fraught with sympathy. She accompanied it with a variety of such presents as are sometimes acceptable to the sick, and which cannot always be procured; intrusting them to the care of the celebrated Dr. —, the first physician in Suabia, for whom she had sent express to Ulm.

A greater proof of love and humanity, Constantia could not have given : Adelaide burned to tell Demetrius to whom he was indebted for such tender consideration : but a moment's reflection shewed her the indiscretion of reviving ideas that must clash with his present feelings.

The prescriptions of Dr. —, were as unavailing as those of the Bavarian physician : yet it was consolatory to have the best possible advice. Zaire's senses were gone past recal ; and her life, was therefore no longer the subject of her father's prayers !

Foreseeing the hour of her dissolution, the medical men recommended Charles to detain his brother from her apartment. For this purpose an excuse was devised, which betrayed Demetrius into the belief that her slumbers ought to be watched only by Adelaide. He left her unwillingly ; and went with his brother to breathe the air, in an avenue leading from the house.

Here Count Leopoldstat tenderly sought to prepare and fortify his mind for the shock that awaited him. Demetrius heard in silence : but his spirits so lately saddened by the death of the Duchess di Felieri, were incapable of receiving any other than mournful impressions. To their distempered view, one universal pall seemed to cover the whole living world : he brooded over death and the grave with a terrible composure, which resulted from the complete despair of future comfort.

On reaching the house again, this calmness ended. They met Marshal Ingersdorf at the hall-door: he was pale and agitated. Shocked by the expression of his features, Demetrius would have rushed past him, had he not forcibly pulled him back, exclaiming in a tone that would not suffer him to be mistaken—"You must not go in there."

The worthy veteran hastily drew out his handkerchief and covered his face.

Rooted to the spot, Demetrius gazed at him with wild fixedness, for a moment, that seemed an age to his afflicted brother—"My God! for what am I reserved?"—he said, and turned away.—

Charles walked silently by his side till they reached their quarters: there, tenderly embracing, they parted, without having exchanged a single word.

Leaving his brother to the salutary indulgence of a sorrow in which he participated, Count Leopoldstat, retraced the path towards Dutlingen: he was anxious to be with Adelaide, whose spirit was likely to fail under the present shock.

As he swiftly traversed the skirts of the forest, his thoughts unavoidably dwelt on the awful lesson which this untimely death of Madame de Fontainville, presented to the young and susceptible.

To a sensibility perniciously indulged, and blind to every thing beyond present enjoyment, she evidently owed the loss of her life. Had she submitted to a short delay of promised blessings, and con-

sulted not her own gratification, but the peace of her father, by sacrificing impetuous eagerness, to his parental fears, she might have lived and been happy. Instead of that she had given reins to the wildest agitation; destroyed her frame by impatient agonies at their protracted voyage; and when seized with sickness, thought only of beholding Demetrius, without reflecting on the grief she was causing a tender parent, or that which must overwhelm her lover, should she die in his presence.

Charles deeply ruminated on these things. He tenderly pitied where he was forced to censure; and though convinced that this mournful event would eventually produce a greater share of comfort to his brother than could otherwise have been his lot, he sorrowed most sincerely that any circumstance should have rendered it desirable.

As he expected, Adelaide was hardly able to go through with the pious offices remaining to be fulfilled. Zaire had expired in her arms: happily without struggle or consciousness; but an event so affecting at any other time, was doubly dreadful at this period, when the heart of Adelaide, warm with love and felicity, and just united eternally to the object of its fondest choice, shrunk from the recollection of decay and mortality.

She had not been above three weeks a wife, and almost every hour of that short space, had been filled with sharing in other's sufferings. But Charles

praised her; Charles repeated the endearing expressions of tenderness exulting in its object, and she forget regret.

A brief yet severe illness, confined Demetrius to his chamber, during the interval that elapsed between the death of Madame de Fontainville, and the interment of her remains: Charles fulfilled every requisite duty for him; and saw the beautiful corse laid in its last bed, with the same solemnities and honours, that he would have paid to that of a sister.

The Marquis de Liancour, left Suabia for England, unable to take leave of Demetrius; and resolving to spend the remnant of existence, far from the scene of his misfortunes.

No attempts at premature consolation were attempted by Leopoldstat and his Countess, when their sorrowing brother came again into their circle. Acquainted with the former inclinations of his heart, as well as with its too-tumultuous sensibility, they deemed it best to trust every thing to time: they foresaw the hour, when the deep gloom now resting over his wishes, would gradually clear away before reviving hope, and shew him the appointed land of domestic bliss.

In Constantia of Nuremberg, they contemplated a future sister; and to the faithful attachment of that amiable Princess committed the task of consolation.

Marshal Ingersdorf being completely ignorant of this cheering expectation, (which consideration for female delicacy induced his daughter still to conceal :) was, next to Demetrius, the most melancholy person at Dutlingen. Strangely compounded of whimsical roughness and romantic softness, he was peculiarly susceptible of that pity which Zaire's excessive passion, was calculated to excite: and judging from his own destiny, (which had given him the object of his first affection;) rather than from his own nature, he believed it impossible for the young man ever to love again.

Influenced into livelier compassion by this belief, he benevolently devoted himself to the endeavour of alleviating his distress. Demetrius gratefully registered every act of the Marshal's kindness, and repaid them, by striving to overcome the weakness they were meant to sooth.

He was afflicted, but not inconsolable: for a bright angel invited him forward on the track of life. The cup of happiness, it is true, no longer offered him a draught unmingled with bitterness: but, though remembrance of Zaire might taint its sweetness, that would not destroy it wholly. He yielded, therefore, to the pensive hope: and often did a fond sigh for Constantia and a sad tear for Madame de Fontainville spring from his heart at the same instant.

In no bosom did the late event produce such a

sudden revolution as in that of Constantia. Awestruck as she was, and moved by sympathy with the grief of the man she loved, she could not repress that delightful hope which palpitated within her.—Demetrius unhappy, was still dearer than Demetrius devoid of care: she longed to pour balm on his wounded spirit; and to assure him, that existence spent with him, (though saddened, perhaps, by his regretting another,) would be transport to her.

Certain of being yet more to him than all the world, her thoughts hurried irresistibly forward to the future: there, instead of an undeviating life of solitary retirement, and barren duties, prospects of social pleasure, active employments, and all the sweet relations of wife, parent, and friend, presented themselves in cheerful tumult. It was for a life like this, that Constantia was formed; and her youthful heart now sprang with eager anticipation to meet its favourite destiny.

To break unseasonably upon the sadness of Demetrius even with the only good he now coveted, entered not the mind of the Princess: she was satisfied with being at liberty to indulge a sentiment which she had found it so hard to control; and trusted to the arrival of Adelaide, (who was about to leave Dutlingen,) for the confirmation of her lover's constancy.

Preparations for the ensuing campaign, were

now commencing on the Frontiers ; which of course was no longer a place for women.

The month of January was over ; and Charles beginning to feel the bitterness of a soldier's fate, in the prospect of a long separation from Adelaide. She however, refused to ratify the promise made to her aunt and uncle, of joining them at Vienna, persisting in a resolution of remaining at least in the neighbourhood of the army.

The house of Marshal Ingersdorf, being only three miles from Munich, was fixed for her residence, as she could there receive accounts from the Black Forest several times a week, and enjoy the society of her friend Constantia.

Painful, at the best, is the fate of the woman who loves a soldier. Never did Adelaide endure such anguish as when she parted from Charles ; never before, did she yield herself up to so many ungoverned fears !—nay, it seemed impossible to her that she should live, and know him exposed to dangers of which she did not partake. At this moment, the fond despair of a wife thought it would be bliss to perish by the same ball that carried death to her husband.

By what standard then, shall we measure happiness, since it shapes itself so variously ?

Leopolstat had made no small sacrifice in procuring leave for Demetrius, instead of himself, to escort Adelaide and the Marshal on their journey.

He saw them depart, with a heart that, for the first time, trembled at the uncertainty of war : his eyes ached with gazing after them ; and when he moved from the place where he had bidden them farewell, he found that in the energy of domestic affection, even patriotism itself, loses half its force.

During their almost silent journey, Adelaide frequently fixed her eyes upon the face of Demetrius, hoping to read something there, which might direct her future conduct : but her extreme anxiety to gratify his wishes, prevented her from discovering what those wishes were ; and sometimes she thought he would internally accuse her of unkindness if she suffered him to depart without seeing Constantia, and sometimes she suspected that he would rather avoid the interview.

The name of the Princess was not mentioned till the carriage stopped at the gates of Ingersdorf ; the Marshal then expressed a hope that Constantia might be there to receive them. At that name, Demetrius turned pale ; and throwing himself out of the chaise, laid his hand on a horse, which he had previously ordered his servant to lead forwards from the last stage.

"I shall return immediately to Charles," he faintly articulated. Adelaide repeated his words, with a mixture of satisfaction and regret. The Marshal loudly expostulated. "Why, you disagreeable puppy!" he exclaimed, "don't you know 'tis past mid-

night? and don't you see, that you can't see? the night's as dark as Erebus; and yet nothing will serve you but going to have your throat cut in the Black Forest."

"I shall ride only one stage to-night," replied Demetrius, mounting as he spoke; "indeed, Sir, I can have no rest till I am so far on my way back to Charles. I am very unfit for society at present. Surely my dear sister will confess I ought not to stop at Ingersdorf." Adelaide understood him: and while her heart glowed with approbation, she wondered at herself for having doubted how he would act. She approached him. "I do not press your stay," she whispered, "you feel exactly as I would have you—return to my Charles; and O! whenever he is nobly prodigal of his safety, be near, to remind him of *me*."

Demetrius promised her this; while agitated with a sudden burst of tears, she hurried into the house.

Princess Constantia, apprized of her friend's coming, was indeed ready to receive her: they met in each other's arms.

After the first hurry of joy, Adelaide looked at Constantia: the sight of her, acted like a charm on her perturbed spirits. Again she beheld spring in that Aurora-like countenance which had lost its animating freshness, when she last saw it.

"I hope you do not think me unfeeling," said

the Princess in answer to one of her friend's congratulatory remarks, "indeed, indeed, I am not. Heaven knows how sincere were the tears that fell from my eyes, upon first hearing of Madame de Fontainville's death. But she was personally unknown to me; and the last interview I had had with Demetrius—in that—O Adelaide, how much love for *me* did it not reveal!—Will you blame me then; am I pitiless, in thus forgetting all things but happiness and him?"

The young Countess affectionately gazed on the tearful apprehensiveness which now clouded the Princess: "Far from it, my sweet Constantia," she said, "a hard struggle between pity for another, and hopes for ourselves, has been allotted to us all: Charles and I have shared your emotions too often, for us to be harsh judges."

She then proceeded to recapitulate every thing interesting to the woman who loved Demetrius; and though while she related past events, silent drops trickled down the cheeks of Constantia, it was a sweet sorrow which made them flow.

Affection delights to behold its object in every admirable point of view; and Demetrius thus displayed to her in the midst of jarring wishes and opposite duties; suffering agonies intolerable, yet suffering them without complaint, became exalted above humanity.

As the Marshal had retired to rest, the mo-

ment after saluting the Princess, the friends were left free to spend the night in conversation: but Constantia would not gratify herself at the expense of another's comfort; she therefore reminded Adelaide of her fatigue, and they separated.

Completely wretched, meanwhile, was the heart of Demetrius. Cruel circumstances had so associated the idea of Zaire, with that of Constantia, that as he now involuntarily thought strongly of the one, the other pressed upon him with additional force.—Memory presented to him at the same moment, those epochs in his different attachments, which constituted the misery of their remembrance: Zaire alive, fond, beautiful, adored; Zaire, half lost in his impassionate embrace; Zaire in the grave; were images too wild for softer recollections to overcome.—The innocent endearments of Constantia, at the hour of his first departure from Felieri; her anguish in the death-scene of the Duchess; nay, even her tender vows when they were about to part for ever, gave way before those remembrances which death had sanctified.

“Thy ashes are yet warm, my Zaire!” he groaned inwardly; and the blood froze in his veins, as a momentary vision, warm with bliss and Constantia, fled from his shuddering mind. The reins fell from his hand on the neck of his horse: and smiting his breast, he gazed wildly round, at-

most expecting to see the afflicted spirit of Zaire, embodied to reproach him.

His horse stopped ; and the heart of its rider, throbbed quickly. A hollow wind muttering among innumerable branches overhanging the road, was the only sound that came to his ear : every thing else was still ; and all things were steeped in unfathomable darkness.—He remained awhile listening to the heavy murmur of the trees, though their dreary sound increased the oppression of his soul.

“ O time ! ” he exclaimed at length, “ O heart ! (of which every day discovers to me new feelings, either to lament or to dread ;) what am I to become at last ? Is this the same being which once believed Zaire a part of itself, yet which now survives her ? Can it indeed be, that I should love another, while she lies buried in the earth ? I, that but for Constantia, must have clung to her grave, till life had ended.—Will the hour ever arrive, when I shall think of Zaire without regret, or behold her grave without agony ? O never, never !—Rather let me die, Constantia, rather let me die ! than outlive the bitter grief I owe to thy too tender rival.”

Tenacious of its affections, the young and virtuous heart, shudders at change : and death, which dissolves the union of common souls, seems but to cement more closely, that which once rivetted the good.

In the full strength of renewed grief, Deme-

trius suddenly saw the apparently-frightful end, to which time would inevitably conduct him: the object now, was shocking to his infirm sensibility; but every succeeding day, and hour, would gradually diminish the vividness of those recollections, which rendered it so abhorrent; and new impressions made by another passion, other hopes, other anxieties, would prevent him from recurring to the past, by fixing all his regards upon the future.

There are periods in the lives of all men, when, external circumstances and inward weakness, fortuitously meet, and take from them the power of mental resistance. With the same motives to abandon themselves to wretchedness to-day as they had yesterday, they will yet feel and appear far more wretched. Demetrius at this moment, could not reason himself into composure, or find in the possibility of future happiness, any thing but an occasion for self-abhorrence.

For the first time since Zaire's death, his tears poured in torrents; and a frantic wish to die (so to escape from anguish, which, while it lasted, seemed as if it would be eternal:) alone possessed his breast.

He would have pursued his journey unconsciously through the blackness of midnight, had not his servant made a more accurate calculation of the discomforts and dangers of such a progress: his

voice gave timely notice of the post-house ; at which Demetrius alighted : where instantly retiring to a chamber, he cast himself on the bed, hopeless of sleep.

CHAP. VII.

WHEN the Brothers met once more at headquarters, their eyes exchanged a mutual agreement, to banish from their private hours all discourse of the past or future.

It was not in the tumult of warlike preparation, that either of them could indulge the softness of fond regret: they were now to pour forth the full tide of their mingled spirits towards one object alone, the salvation of their country: and by fixing their sight steadily on that mighty end, they hoped to render themselves unconscious of minute yet tenderer interests.

The close of the last brilliant campaign had left Austria in possession of all Italy; except only the small city of Genoa, which besieged and famishing, was likely to fall soon before her arms. This was an event considered almost certain: and then a new campaign in Switzerland, as obstinate but more fortunate than the termination of the last, was predicted and desired.

To drive the unprincipled Republicans from that enslaved country, and force them back from the shore of the Rhine, was the scheme of the approaching war. France on her part, sought to deceive the Allies, by feints and declarations; and concentrating all her strength at Dijon, under the plausible title of an army of reserve, she threatened from that central point, as from an eminence, at once Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

It was the misery of the Austrian cabinet, to regard with distrust, and to treat with ingratitude its ablest leader: Prince Charles was now removed from his command, and General Kray took his place.

Hasty in all his conclusions, this intrepid officer was ill calculated to cope with an antagonist like Moreau; who equalled him in bravery and experimental knowledge, and excelled him in judgment: he was perpetually deceived by his adversary's demonstrations, or perplexed by his own conjectures; while Moreau estimated the Hungarian General's talents, and acted upon the result.

A consummate General frequently gains as much by an accurate calculation of his enemy's folly, as he does from the full exercise of his own resources: by foreseeing his opponent's blunders, and preparing to turn them to the best account, he uses a species of thrift, allowable in military affairs, which

provides for its own advantage, out of another's profusion.

A general may indeed risk something by an enterprise which depends for its success, solely on the oversight of his enemy ; but if he have studied the character of his opponent, the odds are all in his favour.

Moreau had not reckoned too confidently, upon the rash decision of General Kray : completely deceived by a masterly feint, the latter hastened to rally all his troops round him at Donaueschingen ; and expecting a grand attack on that point, suffered Moreau to cross the Rhine, unmolested at Basle.

The whole force of the French army, now meeting from different quarters on the Lake of Constance, menaced the Imperialists : Donaueschingen was abandoned ; they retired hastily towards Engen, near which the Prince of Lorrain maintained a good position.

But the Imperialists fought under every disadvantage. They were fewer in number than the French ; and were perplexed with a pre-conceived idea of the enemy's having different plans : they were in fact, like men who have all their lesson to learn, and could therefore, only oppose sudden resoluteness, to well digested movements.

In the continued battle, (as it may be termed,) which lasted from the third of May, till the sixth, the Hungarian Brothers nobly distinguished them-

selves. To the ardour inspired by their just cause was added, the laudable motive of honouring each other, by obtaining the applause of their gallant associates.

The regiment which Charles commanded, had the honour of receiving the first shock of the enemy's cavalry: General Moreau, in person, led them forward to the charge; which, though renewed again and again, was repulsed with dreadful slaughter.

In defiance of superior numbers, and the loss of that support which General Kray might have derived from the army of Prince John (now vanquished at Stockach) he maintained his ground during an obstinate attack, in which the French loss greatly exceeded that of the Imperialists. On the morning of the fifth, he fell back upon the Danube; but ere he could cross it, another bloody engagement took place.

While making a few rapid dispositions for defence, Charles thought with anguish of that object dearer to him than his life, for whose safety he began to tremble at the probable march of the victors. It seemed to him as if they were already at the gates of Munich. He breathed a hasty prayer for his country, while he thought only of his wife; and strung to tenfold courage, by apprehension for her, charged hotly through the ranks of the foe.

At that fortunate moment, when the French

troops stood aghast at such bold conduct; a body of Bavarians, (to whom Leopoldstat had previously given orders :) by a well-concerted manœuvre, succeeded in turning the enemy's flank; the cavalry then wheeling round, charged back through its scattered battalions; and the fate of the day had quickly decided for the Imperialists, had not Count Leopoldstat in the very ardour of returning a third time to the charge, received a musquet ball in his side. He fell from his horse, and the enemy instantly closing round him, stabbed his senseless body with innumerable bayonets.

Where then was Demetrius?—The next moment, his sabre was flashing amongst them, like the lightning of Heaven.

Throwing himself from his horse, and calling on his companions to join him, he defended the person of his brother with a fierce violence which rendered him insensible of affliction.

Nothing now was to be seen but confusion and carnage: To recover the body of their leader, seemed the sole aim of this tremendous conflict.

Part of the squadrons hastily dismounted, and part beating under their horses' hoofs, the soldiers cut down by their sabres, lost all remembrance of general orders. The sound of pistols fired on the very hearts of men, was mixed with execrations and dying groans: the sight of bayonets mingling on the same points the blood of many breasts was

increased in horror by the last struggles of multitudes, perishing beneath the weight and convulsions of their wounded horses.

In that earthly Hell, Demetrius almost maddened: he fought with a ferocity inspired by the pitiless scene; and when, successful at last, his brave squadron remained masters of their bleeding prize, he started at his own heart, which rather spurred him on to vengeance, than yielded to grief.

As he raised Leopoldstat's body from the ground, the trepidation with which he did it, awoke the slumbering life. Charles opened his eyes, fixed them on the face of his brother with an expression which acted on the soul of Demetrius like a holy spirit passing visibly before him; again his eyes closed, and Demetrius bursting into a passion of lamentation, clasped him in his arms without power to rise.

"I live, I live, my brother!" Charles faintly breathed, "forward!"—He fainted as he spoke; and Demetrius eagerly glancing round the field, beheld the enemy retreating in disorder before the German troops.

He was now free to remain with Charles; and animated into the hope of saving that brother for whom he would gladly have shed every drop of his own blood, he hastily formed a sort of litter out of the arms and pelisses of the soldiers, and bore him upon it to the hospital tent.

Long ere they reached the place, every hope had vanished. The rapidly-changing Demetrius, felt nothing but despair while he gazed intently on the motionless features of his brother. That beloved face so still, so pale, so visibly imprinted with death, lying in the midst of blood, gushing out of countless wounds; the dreadful silence which surrounded the bier on which he was borne; the dismayed countenances of the soldiers; all tended to impress Demetrius with a conviction, that the gallant spirit was dislodged for ever.

At that agonizing moment, how light and unreal, appeared the grief he had indulged for Zaire! Her death he contemplated with pity and anguish; her death he had lamented with frantic tenderness: but that of Charles!—his heart withered within him at the fearful image. To live on, bereft of such a brother, was impossible: to die, when his life should be pronounced beyond recall, seemed then the law of his being. At this idea, he stood suddenly composed in look and manner: but the spirit of grief, which thus retreated from the surface, only retired to gather strength for the moment in which it was to swell and overwhelm him.

While the surgeons were examining the wounds of Leopolstat, (whom excess of pain frequently revived, and as often rendered insensible again,) Demetrius stood with his arms folded, and his eyes rivetted upon his brother. One of the surgeons

lifted up the clustering hair; it was steeped in blood, and completely dyed the hand that touched it. Demetrius started at the sight; a sudden shivering seized him: when he had last noted these clotted ringlets, they had been fondly sported with, by the fingers of Adelaide, when Charles, fatigued with military duty, was momentarily slumbering on her shoulder. He averted his eyes; and the tears he was unable to shed over his own suffering, gushed forth in pity to another.

After three days, the report of the surgeons was not such as to balance the hopes and fears of those around Count Leopoldstat: apprehension preponderated. His wounds were many and dangerous: and his recovery was said to depend on a variety of circumstances in temperament and situation, which it seemed demanding a miracle to expect.

The loss of such an officer, at a period so critical, when even the Capital of Austria was menaced, was extremely distressing to the Commander in Chief; Leopoldstat's counsel in camp, had so often decided him in difficult conjunctures; and his conduct in the field so often completed that counsel, that he came to the resolution of removing him to a distance, with the utmost concern.

The army were now crossing the Danube; and though it was the brave Kray's intention to dispute every inch of ground he might be forced to abandon,

he foresaw that Ulm would inevitably be his resting place.

To Ulm, therefore, while it was possible to move slowly, he directed Count Leopoldstat should be carried ; and in consideration of Demetrius, appointed his troop to form the escort.

At the first intimation of this, Demetrius felt like a young and enthusiastic soldier ; he was alarmed at the possibility of odium, by thus avoiding a share in the danger and disasters of his companions : but this phantom of fastidious honour vanished before fraternal love.

“ Shall I desert thee, brother of my soul,” he softly exclaimed, as he sat watching his unquiet sleep ; “ shall I leave thee to perish, for the sake of a mere breath ?—My country can be as well served by any other arm as mine : I have nothing entrusted to me, therefore have no duty to betray. If I save thee, I preserve her best champion to Germany ; and what censure then, can, or ought to wound me !”

Charles awoke in the midst of these reflections : and as if he read in his brother’s looks all that was passing in his bosom, tenderly squeezed his hand : Demetrius vehemently kissed both the hands of Charles in return.

To his various and eager questions, the latter could only reply by signs : for loss of blood, and subsequent bodily pangs, had exhausted all his

strength. A sudden brightness shone on his features, when Demetrius, presenting a letter, told him a courier had just brought it from Adelaide:— Charles averted his face as he received it, and motioned to be left alone : his brother obeyed.

On the return of Demetrius, it was resolved to apprise the young Countess, in part, of her husband's situation : for Leopolstat rather chose to bear the knowledge of her suffering now, than by keeping her in ignorance, doom her to more frightful agonies hereafter. His heart bled as he anticipated the sight of her, who lived but in him, and who could not behold him thus, without presaging the worst : yet, to prepare her by a gradual view of his decline, and to leave her the consolation of having soothed his last moments, were motives which far out-weighed his own cowardice at the prospect of witnessing her grief.

Having heard and approved the letter, which his agitated brother's tears blotted as he wrote, he ordered it to be immediately dispatched ; and then prepared for his removal.

Every accommodation that respect and affection could devise, in the midst of a retreating army, was procured for Count Leopolstat : the soldiers saluted the litter as it passed, with tears on their rough cheeks : and the General, looking after it a long time, turned away with a heavy sigh, repeating in

a mixed tone of regret and admiration, "My gallant countryman!"

Though proceeding with slowness, and watched by a skilful surgeon, Leopolstat seemed to have reached Ulm, only to die ; his impatient wife joined him on the road, and now, for the first time in her life, found herself assailed by a calamity, against which she had no longer any reasoning powers to oppose.

While she supported him in her arms, to ease the pain of long continuance in one attitude ; or watched his slumbers ; or administered the opiates that were to bestow them, anxiety for him, drove away every thought of herself : but the instant she left him, (which was only when his wounds were dressing) despair seized her ; and as she fancied his bodily pangs, her suffering threatened to end in phrensy.

Of her father or Demetrius, she could think no more ; even though they were both before her, heart-struck for her and for themselves. She neither heard their lamentations nor their intreaties ; but absorbed in the future, abandoned her whole soul to one darling object.

At this period, the attentive sympathy of Colonel Wurtzburgh, (who was among the troops in the garrison) excited the gratitude of Demetrius. He frequently watched whole nights in the house when Leopolstat was thought in immediate danger ;

avowing himself too warmly interested, for rest or peace of mind.

By those silent attentions, which, exerted for the benefit of others, without noise or ostentation, affect the heart so much, he contrived to impress every individual with a sense of obligation. What their excess of grief would have overlooked, his less afflicted spirit might be permitted to remember: and all that he did for Charles, or Adelaide, or her father, was found so necessary to their comfort, that Demetrius chid himself for not anticipating the very services for which he was thankful.

The consolations of a female friend were denied to the unhappy Countess; Princess Constantia being removed to Vienna; whither her uncle had hastened on the first news of the French successes.

Of Constantia, Demetrius did not allow himself to think: although her image like an angelic vision, often floated through his fancy, calming for awhile the tempest of wildly-raised apprehension. He knew her to be in safety; and therefore to indulge in soft dreams about her, while death and danger menaced objects equally dear, would have been almost sacrilege.

The Imperialists retreating before a vast army flushed with success, and eager for plunder, were rapidly falling back upon Ulm. Defeat had followed defeat: though the loss of the enemy was uniformly greater than that of the Austrians.

But the German lines once thinned, were slowly repaired: while all, whom rapine or fanatic liberty inspired, crowded to fill up those of the French.

Italy was nearly reconquered; Switzerland their own; the Grisons within their grasp: from the Mediterranean sea, to the river of the Rhine, one enormous army covered the several countries which lie between them.

Destruction seemed to wait only the nod of a lawless Republican, to overwhelm the very seat of Empire.

These fatal circumstances retarded the possible recovery of Charles, who felt as if at each fresh disaster,

“String after string, was severed from his heart.”

By a courier who brought advices of a battle at Memmingen, Leopoldstat received a note from the Commander in Chief, desiring him to remove instantly to the capital, as both armies were now on their march towards Ulm, where it was likely an obstinate engagement would soon take place. \

The brave Charles disdained thus to fly before an advancing foe, even though weakened by pain and sickness: and, indeed, he was not in a condition to bear either a sudden or a quick removal. He besought his wife to seek Vienna immediately, while he awaited the arrival of the troops, or pro-

ceeded with less precipitation: but Adelaide refused to leave him.

The Imperial army entered Ulm soon after; and from their intrenched camp before the city, kept the French awhile in check.

Neither of the adverse Generals thought the period advantageous for attack; and during this accidental suspension of arms, Leopoldstat's wounds assumed a less alarming aspect. He was now able to undertake the fatigues of another journey. Accompanied by his wife and her father he set out for Vienna, leaving Demetrius behind him in garrison.

Bereft at once of so many dear objects, and still trembling for the ultimate safety of his brother, the heart of Demetrius habitually turned towards Colonel Wurtzburgh.

The kindness with which that officer met his renewed friendship, and the zealous alacrity with which he used to seek out minor comforts for Count Leopoldstat, conveyed a severe reproach to Demetrius. He blushed to recollect his former coldness, though Wurtzburgh seemed to have forgotten it: and he strove to repair his fault by testimonies of gratitude.

The Colonel's delicate conduct, increased this glow of gratitude into the fullest esteem. He evidently avoided opportunities of extorting the secret thoughts of his friend; always turned the conversa-

tion when it pointed to peculiar subjects; and never staid with Demetrius at those times, in which the swelling breast of the latter, overflowed either with tenderness or passion.

As material objects appear less at a distance, than such as are near, so the past conduct of men, loses its enormity, when opposed to a present appearance of excellence.—Beguiled by his own generous nature, our young Hussar sometimes searched his memory in vain, for rational grounds for his former ill-will to Wurtzburgh: but nothing amounting to conviction, was registered there. He therefore gave a loose to cordiality; and imperceptibly wearing away the self-imposed distance of the Colonel, soon shewed, (without intending absolutely to confide in him;) all that the Colonel wanted to know of his situation.

It was long ere Wurtzburgh could disengage himself from the perplexity in which young Leopoldstat's character was formed to bewilder him. He could not comprehend how it was possible for Demetrius to burst into a sudden passion of grief when any circumstance recalled Madame de Fontainville; yet every day, every hour, be cherishing the idea of Princess Constantia, or be unconsciously recurring to her, in all his discourses.

When an exclusive preference was over, the Colonel, (sensible to none but the coarsest attachments;) believed that every sentiment of tender-

ness, must perish with it: he knew nothing of those nice shades of affection, pity, and admiration which complete the fine colouring of a truly tender heart. —Observation however forced him to admit the existence of such a phenomenon, though it did not help him in the least towards comprehending it.

Carefully noting each of these apparent inconsistencies, he kept a regular journal of what he thus discovered; while Demetrius often wrote in his praise to Forshiem, who was now with the army of Bohemia.

A small division of troops being required by an Austrian General some leagues from the camp, Wurtzburgh's regiment was ordered on the service. He left Demetrius with many demonstrations of regret; at the same time transferring to him a French servant, whom Demetrius had occasionally employed about his brother's sick-bed, in consequence of the fellow's cleverness, and the Colonel's earnest recommendation.

A succession of disastrous actions between the two armies followed this period. The Imperialists, routed in every engagement, vainly lavished their blood on the plains of Blenheim, and at the bridge of Grenshiem. Fate frowned from the broad banner of France: and the Genius of Austria seemed to have withdrawn in wrath from an army, which, under the command of its virtuous Prince, she had once led on to victory.

The broken troops having hastily abandoned their camp at Ulm, had proceeded to Ingolstadt: from whence they beheld with dismay, the Republicans spreading like consuming fire, over all Suabia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Treves.

The country of the Grisons was lost, the troops in Tyrol were hemmed in by detachments from the French army of Italy, as well as by part of that which laid waste the Frontiers; a powerful force was already on its march to Franconia; and Moreau, animated with these signal advantages, no longer feigned an intention of advancing to Vienna.

Whether any unknown causes, sufficient to justify his advice as a military man, prevailed with Buonaparte, (then First Consul, and General in Italy); to press Moreau's relinquishment of this brilliant prize; or whether a base envy prompted him to wither those laurels which the hand of another grasped, to decorate their country—is uncertain. The motives will ever remain concealed; but the fact is positive.

At the head of victorious troops, supported on all sides by successful confederates, with only a few dispirited forces to hang on his rear, invited by disloyalty and riot to Vienna itself, General Moreau was enjoined by Buonaparte to grant an armistice, now sued for by Austria.

How is this to be accounted for?

The First Consul was never suspected of sacri-

ficing ambition to humanity; no voice of human suffering, had ever yet, stopped *him* in the career of military reward: (witness the dreadful bridge of Lodi! witness the plains of Jaffa! witness the scene in which his own sick soldiers perished by poison!) he was not of that cautious spirit which avoids the very possibility of disappointment: No! he breast-ed difficulties with ardour; and rather sought to wrest distinction, by conquering against probabilities, than to receive tempered commendation, by answering the expectations of his countrymen.

The whole campaign of Italy, had been to him, a brilliant series of astonishing success: but "his star must have turned pale," had that of Moreau continued to shine. It was no part of the Corsican's policy, to sacrifice his own aggrandizement, to that of the country he served: Moreau must be obscured: and Moreau, was.—The armistice was agreed upon, in the month of July; when all operations in Germany ceased till the beginning of September.

CHAP VIII.

IMPATIENT to see that beloved brother, whose perfect safety, affection could not credit, unless absolutely witnessed, Demetrius obtained a month's leave of absence, and hastened to Vienna.

Count Leopoldstat was at the house of his faithful friend, Baron Ingersdorf, who was now a widower.

Disgusted with the court intrigues which had already displaced Prince Charles, and was striving to exclude from the military councils, all sincere lovers of their country, the Baron had resigned his office, and retired from public life, to a villa in the beautiful suburbs of the capital.

There, in the society of his brother, and that of his accomplished nephew, he enjoyed every pleasure dear to a rational and elegant mind.

Leopoldstat was not yet able to support himself, except on a couch; where, raised on cushions, he lay calm and uncomplaining.

Though he could no longer amuse or employ

himself, but was dependent on those he loved for every comfort and relief, he repaid their assiduities, by the everlasting sunshine of patient sweetness.

The music of his Adelaide's voice, still thrilled him with delight; and while her balmy breath rested upon the cheek she fondly printed with a kiss, he ceased to languish for the unconfined air of heaven, which so often appears to an invalid, as if it must "bring healing on its wings."

More than ever endeared by his sufferings, and yet further exalted by the manner in which they were borne, Charles distinctly saw, that his wife's affection increased with time. That doting love, which glories in its object, spoke for ever from her eyes; and a sense of danger past, gave birth to a gratitude too genuine for any fears to alloy.

Adelaide had been so miserable, that she was now nearly happy; her Charles was recovering, her Charles was eternally in her sight, and she had every day fresh reason to bless the event, which kept him far from the armies.

In the joyfulness of her looks, and those of her uncle and father, Demetrius, on reaching Vienna, read all he wished. Though he found his brother stretched powerless on a sofa, what seemed the body's weakness to him, when he beheld again, as it were, the soul of his brother? Thought and emotion once more glowed through the features of

Charles, and at their late parting, the very principle of life itself, appeared extinct.

These brave brothers who had undauntedly fronted the shock of armies together, were now not ashamed of yielding some tears to the feelings of this moment. They rested silently in each other's arms, till their disburthened hearts grew calm.

A narrative of the military incidents which had occurred since they met, was soon demanded by Leopoldstat. Demetrius gave it eloquently: too eloquently; for at his vivid descriptions, and bitter censures, the hectic on his brother's cheek, quivered like an unsteady flame.

Their discourse was interrupted by the entrance of the Baron and Adelaide, of whom, after some hesitation, Demetrius enquired about Constantia. His eyes being cast down, prevented him from observing the change this question made in his sister: she replied in a low voice, "Constantia is in Vienna; but as I have much to tell you, and dare not agitate Charles with it, you must inquire no further, till we are alone."

For the first time of her life, the tender Adelaide, through an excess of love, spared him who would have suffered the least. These hasty words plunged Demetrius into the most frightful conjecturings: from the moment they were uttered, he became silent; and, watching an opportunity to have his fears terminated, abruptly followed Ade-

laide out of the room, when she left it to procure some fruit for her husband.

On seeing Demetrius, she made her father take charge of the fruit; and led the way into the garden. There, traversing a walk where the most beautiful shrubs bloomed and breathed unnoticed, they discoursed of Constantia.—How was Demetrius appalled to find, that his Princess lived in a species of imprisonment! Adelaide knew little of her situation: yet that little, was enough to rend the heart of a lover.

The substance of what he collected was, that soon after the arrival of Marshal Ingersdorf and his daughter, the Prince of Nuremberg had nearly prohibited all intercourse between the friends: but finding his prohibition scarcely attended to, he hurried his family to Vienna; accompanied by the eldest son of the Elector of ———.

This Prince had for some time sought the hand of Constantia; and it was now evident that ambitious view for his niece, had combined with ill-will towards Demetrius, in the mind of this haughty uncle.

During the period which elapsed since her own arrival in the capital, Adelaide had heard but once of her friend; and that was from the lips of Nuremberg's wife.

They met accidentally at the Countess of Reusmarck's. While some other ladies were going

through the clamorous ceremonies of precedence and leave-taking, the Princess hastily approached Adelaide: "I shall gladden poor Constantia," she said timidly, "by relating all I have heard you repeat of Count Leopolstat's amended health. Do me the justice of believing, dear Countess, that I am completely innocent of this oppression. The Prince is warm in his wishes for what he thinks her future good; and suffers himself to use some harshness now, in the hope of meriting her thanks hereafter: but indeed I fear he will carry this severity too far: her health sinks under it."

The voice of the Princess faltered as she spoke, and she stopped; evidently afflicted at having thus rescued her own character at the expense of her husband's. Adelaide just had time to implore her interference with the Prince, and to commission her with an ardent message to Constantia, when some persons who were of the Princess's party joined them: they then separated.

Though she refrained from paining her Lord, with this information, Adelaide could not sleep, till she had made an effort to see her friend. For this purpose (as she would not subject the wife of Count Leopolstat to insult, by attempting a clandestine interview;) she wrote to the Prince of Nuremberg, simply stating her uneasiness, at a report of Constantia's being ill; and requesting to be admitted to her, either alone, or in his presence.

The answer she received was couched in these terms :

NOTE.

“The Prince of Nuremberg regrets that circumstances should constrain him to refuse any request of the Countess Leopoldstat’s : he is happy to contradict every report of his niece the Princess Constantia’s ill-health ; but must decline for her the honour of a visit, which, by reviving the remembrance of a person whom it is her duty to forget, would inevitably strengthen her in the resolution of avoiding a Prince whom it is her duty to accept.

“The Prince of Nuremberg does himself the honour of offering congratulations upon the recent safety of Count Leopoldstat ; and at the same time, of assuring the Countess that he would never deny *any* request of her’s, without the extremest reluctance.”

Vienna.—July.

With this cold and cautious billet ended all the information of Adelaide. Since then, she had heard no more of Constantia, except that she was still completely secluded.

Demetrius made few remarks on this : he silently pressed his sister’s hand ; leaving his thanks to his looks. They then rejoined Charles, with whom Demetrius staid till the hour of rest ; when hastily ex-

cusing himself from the family supper, he left the house.

Various modes of seeking an interview with Constantia, conceived and rejected in the same moment, agitated the thoughts of Demetrius, as instead of going to his lodgings, he hurried along the suburbs. Had he been pressing on to the immediate execution of some plan for seeing her, he could not have felt more impatient: while indeed, nothing but a chaos of schemes, wishes, and apprehensions was before him.

Ere he dared attempt anything for her enlargement, it was incumbent on him to learn how far he was concerned in her refusal of her titled lover: till he had sought a renewal of those vows she once breathed, and gained a knowledge of her future intentions, all his zeal and passion, must be buried in his own bosom. He now execrated himself for having shunned an interview at Munich, and trembled at the probability of having lost her heart by such apparent inconsistency.

In the midst of these reflections, he came in sight of the place which contained her.

The spacious palace glittering in a bright moonlight, with its magnificent gardens, and stately terraces, towered above the Danube, whose swift waters flashing under the eye, poured through a scene of brilliant enchantment. Numberless villas embowered among trees, were seen scattered in gay confu-

sion along its banks ; and through every grove and every glade, the warm breath of aromatic summer, softly steamed from earth to heaven.

Demetrius now approached one of the side-entrances ; at that moment a man vaulted over a low part of the garden-wall, and alighted close beside him.

He was somewhat surprised to find in this man, his servant Pierre.

After a few equivocations, the fellow confessed he had been visiting the gardener's daughter, to whom, on account of an old quarrel with her brother, he could not venture to go publicly : that besides love for her, he was prompted by regard for his master, of whose attachment to Princess Constantia, he had heard in the kitchen at Baron Ingersdorf's, from one, who had it from an Italian servant of the Princess's :—that officious, perhaps, in his zeal, he had ventured to ask many questions of his sweetheart, through whom, he hinted the probability of conveying a letter or a message.

At this moment Demetrius was incapable of pausing upon any proposal which held out such a prospect. The fellow could have no motive for ensnaring him ; he had served him faithfully some time ; and had testified so affectionate an anxiety during the sickness of Charles, that he readily pardoned a little freedom in his endeavours to serve. He now put a few questions to Pierre, whose answers determined him to hazard something.

The Prince of Nuremberg was gone two leagues off on business, which might detain him some days: no one but his Princess was left to guard Constantia, who, though still restricted to the Palace gardens, was indulged by her, in all the liberty she dared grant. Constantia was then alone, in these very gardens; Pierre had seen her himself.

He now offered to return and conduct his master to her: since Demetrius was unwilling to put the woman he loved into the power of her domestic, he refused to admit Pierre's sweetheart into their council.

A few lines written with pencil on the leaf of a pocket-book, were given to Pierre: each leapt the garden wall at the same moment; and hastily struck into a walk shaded by elms, so thick that they excluded every twinkling star. They followed this track till it brought them to a grotto; which suddenly emerging amid the light, displayed a broad glade, where the trees receding in magnificent groupes, left a vast expanse, which terminated at a side portico of the Palace.

Demetrius rushed into the grotto; and Pierre turned into another path.

The tender moon, shedding a mellow lustre through an opening in the roof of this calm retreat, quivered among the spars and crystals of which it was formed; but no sound, no breath even of the

faintest night-breeze, stirred the long tresses of a willow which streamed above.

There was something in the stillness and beauty, oppressive to the agitated heart of Demetrius: he advanced to the entrance; all there, was as still and lovely. The moveless trees, the soundless water, the dark vistas and steady lustre of the moon, all seemed to his wild fancy, fraught with expectation: he scarcely breathed: but fear had no share in this emotion.

Too much absorbed in solicitude for Constantia's reception of him, he had not room for any suspicion of Pierre's fidelity.

Lovers hope all things, and dread all things: wilder than the starts of a lunatic, were the apprehensions which now tormented Demetrius: the remembrance of Zaire mixed itself with them: but for the first time since her death, he strove to banish it.

Hasty steps as of a man advancing along the walk into which Pierre had struck, were now distinctly heard. Root-bound with expectation, Demetrius listened to catch the echo of a softer tread: but whether it were lost in the other sound he knew not, for he heard nothing more. His heart began to sink, when Constantia herself flew into the grotto.

One glance of her endearing eyes, banished both fear and regret: every event that had occurred

since he used to see her at Felieri, fled from their eloquent brightness. Time, suffering, were annihilated; and the full conviction of being beloved, of still tenderly loving, spoke to his renovated soul.

Constantia did not check the transport with which he pressed her in his arms: she participated too much in that joy, which was produced by an affection as pure as her own innocence. For a long time neither of them spoke; but at length Demetrius recovering recollection of the past, said fearfully, "Dare I still call you *my* Constantia?"

The Princess did not hesitate to confess the steadiness of her attachment, though a crimson blush glowed on her averted face. At such a period as this, she would have deemed useless reserve, both foolish and cruel.

"I know not," she replied, "whether in my desire to save you even the smallest uneasiness, I may not be sacrificing the propriety of my sex; but my heart impels me to assure you—almost unasked—that you see Constantia at this moment, what she was at Felieri; that, however fate or inclination might have disposed of *you, she* would never have altered; and that it remains with yourself, to sanction—to appropriate.—"

She could not proceed; burning blushes spread over her whole countenance, and the quick pulsation of her heart, impeded her further utterance. Snatched repeatedly to the breast of her impassion-

ed lover, whose ardent gratitude scarcely found words to express itself, Constantia heard with astonishment and trepidation, his proposal for immediate flight.

At this moment of delirious ecstasy, Demetrius thought only of securing the beloved creature, who had endured for him, every species of outrage ; of bearing her far from such oppression, and dedicating the whole of his coming life, to the sweet task of eternal gratitude. When she shewed him the madness of his scheme, (by reverting to the power which her uncle would have of reclaiming her, and rousing the law against him) Demetrius urged another plan. He offered to conduct her to some remote convent, from which she might claim the protection of her other relations, and obtain legal redress, until the period in which her uncle's guardianship must end.

Constantia's eyes glistened with tears at his generous ardour : She gazed on him, in a trance of tender admiration, while she rapidly revolved the dangers to which he would thus expose himself. Her rank, her fortune, her father's will, and her uncle's influence, would all unite to make the life of her lover, answer for his temerity. For his sake therefore, she steadily declined it, though he fell at her feet, and implored her, even with tears, to consent.

Constantia trembled and wept too : but there

was a sad foreboding at her heart, which strengthened her resolution.

Continued harshness and restraint, bursts of violence, threats, invectives against her lover's character, or menaces against his safety, had long worn on her spirits, and gradually sapped the foundations of life. Cut off from every consolation; and wilfully kept in anxiety for Demetrius, by seeing only those papers which detailed the horrors and not the particulars of every battle, her health had imperceptibly given way: she was now the shadow of herself; and except at this period when tumultuous agitation kindled a flame on her cheeks, and newstrung her nerves, no tint of colour animated her features; no elasticity gave spring to her unsteady steps.

Demetrius, whose admiring eyes saw rapture sparkling in her's, who beheld no change in her beautiful person but what appeared the natural effect of an unquiet mind, was far from divining the gloomy presentiment which suddenly altered her manner.

When she had silenced all his arguments for her flight, she felt as if in doing so, she had signed their eternal separation. After that night, they might never behold each other; she might not live long enough to see another meeting. At these thoughts, she burst into a passion of tears; again and again she pressed his hand wildly to her heart,

and the convulsive sobs which shook her whole frame, choked the fond lamentation that struggled to her lips.

Alarmed, distressed, astonished beyond measure, Demetrius vainly besought her to impart the cause of this strange emotion. Constantia only replied by fresh tears: At that instant the palace clock struck twelve; it electrified the Princess: She started up, hastily exclaiming, "We must part now."

"O not yet, not yet, my Constantia;" exclaimed Demetrius, retaining the hand with which she had clasped his, "leave me not, till you have told me that I may come here again. To-morrow night at the same hour—your uncle will still be absent.—All that I wished said to you, I have left unsaid.—To-morrow, dearest, sweetest Constantia, tell me you will be here."

The Princess promised; and exchanging a hasty embrace, vanished from his sight.

Demetrius stood like a disenchanted man. The bright vision was gone; and for awhile he scarcely knew whether to believe it had indeed been. Pierre's entrance brought back his senses.

He gratefully grasped his hand. "I am indebted to you for more than life," he said, "and I will never forget it. But for heaven's sake remember, Pierre, that the least indiscretion would ruin Princess Constantia for ever. Henceforth, do not

whisper this night's adventure, even to your own thoughts. I fear nothing but accidental imprudence in you, for I am confident you would never wilfully betray me."

The cheeks of Pierre glowed: he replied with all the vehemence of his nation, heaping vow upon vow, and protestation upon protestation. His master shook him again by the hand; and then turning away soon reached the place from which they jumped into the road.

The whole of the next day, was spent by Demetrius in an impatient longing for night; yet he forced his mind into exertion, for the sake of his brother.

Select parties were admitted of an evening to the room where Count Leopoldstat was confined: his benevolent spirit delighted in the sight of diffused pleasure: he could even join in the playfulness of gay discourse; and though unable to increase the concert himself, was gratified by hearing music from others.

The Countess of Reusmarck was the only person this evening, who added to the domestic circle. Demetrius quitted it early, and bidding Pierre attend him, hurried towards the palace.

How different was the scene, from what it appeared when last he saw it! A chill, tempestuous night, blackened and agitated every object. The enormous trees, bending to their very roots before

the wind, cast gigantic shadows, as they waved across the front of the edifice. The moon herself, seemed pale with fear, as the clouds driving over her face, were sometimes rent asunder, and scattered by the storm. One continued roar of trees and water, pealed around Demetrius : He trembled for the safety of Constantia, when he beheld large branches torn off by the furious blast, and falling on every side of him.

Pierre was sheltered in a root-house, at some little distance ; but he, stood forth under the inclement sky, praying that his Princess might have abandoned the attempt.

Just as he had completely satisfied himself that she would not come, he turned at the murmur of a breathless voice, and beheld her near him, sinking with fatigue and apprehension.

“ I have been so frightened !” she gasped out, while he led her into the grotto, “ it is a long way round, from the house ; and the noise of the trees on every side—the dreadful darkness—I thought I should never have lived to reach you.” A deep sigh broke forth with the last words, and her head sunk on the shoulder of her lover.

The moon now momentarily gleaming into the grotto, shewed Demetrius her pallid face : he spoke to her, but she was insensible. Exhausted by toil and terror, oppressed with a conviction of her own decay, she had fainted.

His alarm at this circumstance, was heightened by the consciousness of their distance from any succour. He could only chafe her cold hands, and press his warm cheek to her's, as if hoping that might communicate something of its own life.

She revived shortly after : yet the clay-like colour of her once vivid complexion, still remained : her hands trembled, her lips quivered, her respiration was quick and interrupted, and when she attempted speech, she was obliged to stop frequently, for want of breath.

Demetrius gazed on her, with an air of distraction.

“ Is this but fatigue, or fear, my Constantia ? ” he exclaimed, “ or some new suffering occasioned by your uncle ? or is it, what my fond heart will break to have confirmed,—is it illness ? ”

Tears swam in the Princess's eyes, as she answered him.

“ I am not so well as I used to be,” she sighed out, “ but you know I never was very strong ; and such a separation from you, together with anxieties and discomforts, have rather injured my health ; however, I promise to live for your sake.” She stopped, then added in a suffocated tone, “ if Heaven permit me ! ”

“ If Heaven permit you ! ” repeated Demetrius, clasping her hands with agony in his ; “ O Constantia ! am I a second time to suffer—” He

broke off abruptly; and suddenly releasing her, walked to the end of the grotto.

At sight of her lover's anguish, Constantia reproached herself for yielding to a despondency which accidental circumstances had thus deepened. She approached Demetrius, and sought to compose him. He turned wildly round, and passionately upbraided her for concealing her altered health from her friends.

"What could I do?" asked Constantia, "how was I to have informed them? you forget that I have long been denied the privilege of seeing or writing to any one."

"Was there no creature in that hateful house, who was accessible to bribery or intreaty?—surely some servant might have been found—"

Constantia gently interrupted him: "I have always held such conduct in abhorrence. Not even for you, my Demetrius, would I try to corrupt the fidelity of another. Not that I consider myself bound to keep terms with my uncle; (for every stratagem, I can invent to see or correspond with you, I shall seize without scruple;) but a principle of right, teaches me not to procure my own gratification at the expense of an inferior's integrity."

Demetrius gave her a look, expressive of that admiration, which for awhile had displaced his grief. Constantia seized the calm moment, and

taking up a casket which fell from her hand when she fainted, held it out to him.

“ This little casket, she said, with a languid smile, contains the means of future happiness, I trust for both of us. Listen to me Demetrius. After we parted last night, I spent many hours in revolving our conversation, and considering the best method for ending the cruel oppression that undermines my health. The result of these reflections, has been a determination to appeal publicly against the tyranny of my uncle.

“ I have written a candid, and, I hope, moderate narrative of the undue methods by which he endeavours to influence my will: I have stated my own willingness to remain obedient to him in all reasonable things, even to that of foregoing any intercourse with you, till his guardianship should expire; and I have addressed this to a near relation of our's, the Canoness of ———, whom I intreat to take such legal steps as may transfer this power to herself; being ready to seclude myself in a convent under her protection, till I am of age.

“ This narrative, with copies of my dear father's and grandmamma's wills, are inclosed in the casket I now give you.—It rests with you, my Demetrius, to have it delivered safely. If you can confide in your servant, let him set off with it, immediately, to ——— in Bohemia, where the Canoness now is. I trust the course of justice, is not interrupted in

Franconia; once released from the misery of perpetual persecution, I think, health would soon return to me : and then, to wait only eighteen months, for bliss and my Demetrius, would not be insupportable."

Unable to reply, Demetrius kissed her hands fervently. A long silence ensued: after which they conversed on the probable event of this new enterprize. It seemed to Demetrius, like a prospect of paradise: His sanguine soul rushed forwards to meet its completion, with a joy so certain, that it painted his countenance with fresh bloom.

His health, his youth, his beauty, still flourished in the sight of Constantia, while her's were fast wasting into nought: She could have wept with bitter regret, had not regard for his feelings, repelled her tears.

It was settled, that Pierre should be dispatched to the Canoness, early the next morning; and that Demetrius might as he saw fit, impart the business to his brother and Adelaide. Constantia being only anxious to preserve them from her uncle's insult.

She instructed her lover to deposit the Canoness's answer in the hollow of an old tree, which, though near that part of the wall by which he entered the grounds, was so overgrown by other trees and a quantity of ivy, that it was not likely to be observed by others. Here the letter, covered with

moss and leaves and stones, might lie till she had next an opportunity of visiting the gardens, and replacing it by one from herself.

With this night, their meetings were to end : for the Prince of Nuremberg was expected the ensuing day. When they might meet again, Demetrius knew not : and he would therefore have prolonged her stay, beyond discretion, had it not been for the threatening appearance of the night, which now foreboded heavy rain.

The moon and stars were completely obscured ; the wind only rushed through the trees, in unfrequent blasts ; and the sides of the grotto, became moist and cold.

After combating much opposition from the timid Princess, he at length obtained permission to accompany her as far as the entrance of a high, green terrace behind the palace, where opened an apartment, of which her indulgent aunt had given her the key.

Demetrius threw the military cloak he wore, around the slender form of his beloved ; and half wafting her forward with his arm, speeded her trembling steps, and quieted her fears.

They were both, too anxious, and too hurried for conversation. Sometimes Demetrius pressed her momentarily against his breast, as they flew along ; sometimes a sigh bursting from both their

hearts at the same instant, seemed to mingle their very beings.

They proceeded in utter darkness, under fast-falling drops of rain; till quitting the shade, the solitary terrace, with only one dim light burning in the lower chamber, stretched darkly before them. They stopped; and Constantia throwing herself back into the arms of her lover, renewed her prayers for his safety, and the completion of their mutual wishes. She then tore herself from his embrace; and Demetrius turned sorrowfully back.

In all probability, Pierre had been solacing himself with the society of the gardener's daughter; for he displayed not the least discontent at his master's long absence; though the place he sheltered in, was not high enough to admit any thing taller than a spade.

Demetrius found him contentedly sitting among bags of flower-seeds, and bundles of dried herbs: He started up at the sound of his voice, and expressed the utmost pleasure at seeing him safe again.

"You must be in my chamber to-morrow morning, by day-break:" said Demetrius, when they reached his lodgings. "I have business that you must do for me, in Bohemia. I confide in you implicitly, you see Pierre.—Remember discretion.—Good night."

Pierre promised, and they entered the house.

The morning was just dawning, when the active Pierre, presented himself, ready habited for his journey: Demetrius then gave him a sealed packet, directing him to deliver it into no hands but those of the Canoness; to wait her answer, and when he had got that, to return with the utmost speed.

He waited the reappearance of Pierre, before he ventured to agitate Charles and Adelaide, with the detail of his own rashness, and Princess Constantia's sufferings. When this expected messenger arrived, he brought a billet from the Canoness, which, (as Demetrius was to open), at once dissipated every fear. It contained these lines.—

“ TO PRINCESS CONSTANTIA OF NUREMBERG.

“ MY DEAR CHILD!

“ I have received your distressing appeal against the treatment of your guardian; and I hope you will find, by my future conduct in the affair, that you have not applied to an unfeeling relation. I do not sanction family feuds: but still less do I approve of an abuse of power: So, if on further perusal, and consideration of what you have written, and after thorough investigation, I find no reason to alter my present resolution, you may speedily expect legal redress.

“ Of the young Count in question, and the propriety of your persisting to marry him, when you come of age, we will talk when I see you: *I shall*

only try to persuade; your uncle it seems, has threatened. Farewel my dear child, I commend you to the keeping of all the saints, and am your affectionate kinswoman

ULRICA."

With this precious pledge of success in his hand, Demetrius hastened to Baron Ingersdorf's, where he confided to his brother and to Adelaide, the important secret.

They heard him, with very different feelings from those which crimsoned his cheek, and made his pulses beat: Joy, sat on his smooth brow; solicitude and distrust contracted theirs. It was not till Demetrius had repeated every circumstance, and coloured the attachment of Pierre, in the warmest manner, that Leopoldstat admitted a belief of his honesty: however, the second meeting with Constantia, having passed off safely, and a letter from her relation being then before them, were the strongest arguments in his favour.

Charles besought Demetrius to confide nothing to his servant, which necessity did not demand; lamenting that the attachment between his brother and the Princess, prevented his standing forth as her champion, in a cause which had claims upon every man of honour. Where there were such splendid inducements for selfishness to seek its own aggrandisement, by vindicating her freedom of

choice, he knew that few spirits would believe them actuated by nobler motives. He therefore exhorted Demetrius, to avoid any precipitate measure dictated by the mere passion of love.

When her brother went out, to deposit the letter in the appointed place, Adelaide renewed the discourse: She trembled at the possibility of treachery in an affair which involved, not merely the happiness, but perhaps the life of her dearest Constantia; to end this doubt, she suggested a plan which Leopold sanctioned by the fullest approval.

It was a letter to Count Forshiem; whose vicinity to the Canoness's abode, would enable him to learn from her own lips, whether a packet from her young relation had really been delivered into her hands. If his inquiry should be answered in the affirmative, Adelaide allowed they might then dismiss every fear of Pierre's fidelity, and look with confidence to the release of their friend.

"I shall say nothing of this, to Demetrius;" said the Countess, as she wrote the letter for her husband, "he would be indignant at my suspicions of this poor servant. But I don't suspect him, because he is poor and ignorant, 'tis because he is a Frenchman."

"Equally liberal, and unprejudiced, my Adelaide!" observed the Count, smiling, "trust me, many a gallant and virtuous man, marches even under the banner of Buonaparte."

“Now, are not you, illiberal, in this unqualified expression?” his wife archly asked.

“Surely not:” was his reply, “for we can form a judgment of an individual, from the tenor of his conduct; that which we pass on multitudes, of whom we only know that they were born in such a particular country, must be contemptibly erroneous.”

Pleased to be convinced by her husband, Adelaide, like all other good wives, acknowledged the superiority of his reason by which she was silenced: and Charles, more than ever enamoured of her gentleness, almost thought imperfections lovely, when they thus afforded opportunities for the display of affection.

Demetrius, meanwhile, was watching an opportunity to place a letter from himself, and that of the Canoness, in the hollow tree. It was some time ere he found the road quite solitary: He then vaulted over the wall, deposited his packet; wafted a thousand sighs, kisses, and blessings, to the prison of his Constantia, and hastened back to Baron Ingersdorf's.

CHAP. IX.

FROM the hour in which she last saw Demetrius, Princess Constantia was suffering both from illness and affliction.

The inclement night under which she went to meet her lover, had pierced her delicate frame : After reaching home, she sunk on her bed, scarcely sensible to any thing but a chill like death, which had not entirely left her limbs, when her aunt came to see her in the morning.

This kind, but weak woman, had always testified such compassion for Constantia, that it evidently depended solely on the latter, to insure her active friendship : yet Constantia would not use a single artifice, nor urge one complaint, to betray her aunt into actions which she knew her character well enough to be convinced, would afterwards awaken repentance.

The Princess of Nuremberg lamented her husband's injustice and violence ; and continued to love him. Constantia, in her place, would have made

the cause of innocence, her own, and would have given the man she once adored, only the alternative of losing her heart, or of abandoning his oppression.

But she did not expect this, from the Princess. Her pliant softness might be won to sanction the meetings of the lovers, or to forward letters to Adélaïde ; but in exciting her to this, Constantia saw she would be tasking a feeble spirit, beyond its strength : as every assistance thus rendered, would lie on the conscience of the Princess like so many sins.

This conviction of her aunt's weakness, did not lessen the gratitude of Constantia. How warmly had her affectionate heart registered the silent tears she had shed for her sake, when some alarming paragraph about the army, had been cruelly read aloud by the Prince !—how often had this pitying woman stolen at midnight from the side of her husband, to bring those restoratives to Constantia, which her decaying state demanded, but, which the worthless Nuremberg prohibited !—All these things, were remembered by one, in whom gratitude was only secondary to love !

The Princess now sat by Constantia's bed, while she took her slight breakfast, and then afterwards, descended with her into the music-room, where she strove to beguile away her indisposition, by the charms of harmony.

When the day was far advanced, Nuremberg

returned alone ; and then his stormy brow, announced a coming whirlwind.

He fixed his eyes upon his niece, with a look that withered her very heart. She turned pale ; almost fancying she saw in that look, his knowledge of her appeal to the Canoness.

Contrary to his usual custom he never addressed her ; spoke little to his wife, and that in a bitter spirit ; angrily repulsed his child when it attempted to caress him ; and on seeing it creep towards Constantia, fiercely plucked it back, exclaiming in a voice like a clap of thunder, " Have I not commanded you to avoid her, as you would poison ? "

The pretty babe ran sobbing, and cast itself into its mother's arms ; who, with a tone of sorrowful reproach, merely ventured to pronounce her husband's name.—Constantia trembled, and grew paler still.

The Prince then rang for refreshments : found fault with every thing that was brought ; cursed the weather, the house, and the situation ; quarrelled in short with every object that met his sight, or came into his thoughts ; and acted all the extravagancies of a madman, without deigning to give his terrified wife, the least intimation of what had happened to discompose him.

After exhausting his rage upon contemptible subjects, he suddenly struck into political prophecy ; painting the state of the empire, in colours which

made his hearers shudder. He detailed the scheme of the remaining part of the campaign; and having exaggerated the French troops, and the horror of combating them amongst the Alps, informed his wife, that Count Leopold's hussars, were ordered on that service. "Every one," he exclaimed, with malicious triumph, "every one looks upon these fellows as already in their graves. Of course, they must all be cut in pieces: even that young lady's redoubtable hero; unless he be a second Achilles, invulnerable every way but in the heel. However, I fear even so, he might share the fate of his companions; as I am much mistaken if he would not *turn on his heel*, from the enemy."

At this brutal sarcasm, Constantia started from her seat; indignation lent her just enough strength to totter out of the room: when she reached another apartment, she sunk breathless upon the ground.

Never before, did she so sensibly feel the alteration which decayed health had made in her very soul: a benumbing power, seemed to have congealed those quick tides of generous resentment and glowing zeal, that once flowed at the smallest impulse. She felt blighted in every part of her; and scarcely thought it possible for health and liberty, to revive the capability of happiness.

Of Demetrius, she now thought with grief. Abandoned to despair, she believed herself lost for ever; and as her eyes accidentally fell on her own

image in a mirror, she averted them with a thrill of acute regret. That beauty which she never prized till it had been praised by Demetrius, that beauty which she wished preserved only to delight him, was gone, most likely never to return: And the spirit which formerly gave it its brightest charm, was completely annihilated.

Weeping and disconsolate, she seated herself in a window, from which she gazed upon that part of the garden, where she had so lately been with her lover: She gazed with piercing pain; for her thoughts were full of the belief that they should meet no more in this world. Sad ideas floated successively through her mind, in the language of love and melancholy, till they formed themselves into the following stanzas.—

TO DEMETRIUS.

WHILE from my cheek, health's redd'ning glow retreats,

And youth's bright light, deserts my dark'ning eyes;
While scarce a pulse beneath that pressure beats,
Which pitying tenderness so oft applies;

While cheerful thought expires, and hope decays,
And all things wither in my heart, save thee;
How can I wish to blight thy summer days,
By linking thine, to my sad destiny?

Is it for me, (faint, spiritless, and cold,)
To cling destroying, on thy opening years ;
With dead'ning force their shooting powers enfold,
And drench each ardent bloom, in killing tears ?

Is it for me, to pay thy gen'rous love
With a chang'd person, and a changing mind ;
Seeking alone, a selfish joy to prove,
While vows eternal, should thy honour bind ?

Perish the thought !—and let this cherish'd fire
That even now burns quenchless in my breast ;
This passion true, this fond, this pure desire,
Sink with my wasting frame to endless rest.—

Gone, are the rosy smiles that won thy heart ;
The sparkling glance, the gay delighted air ;
Sorrow and sickness both, have said, depart !
To all that made me in thy fancy, fair :

Then, since no blessing I have left to give,
Since youth, and health, and hope, before me fly ;
For thee, no longer will I ask to live ;—
But, ah ! for thee, thee only, do I die.—

Her whole soul was absorbed in the awful idea, suggested by the last line, when the Princess of Nuremberg entered the apartment. “ Had you not better retire to rest ? ” she said softly : “ Amadeus has been playing, I find, and bad luck has em-

bittered his temper more than usual. Forgive him, my dearest girl; he means well; but he does not know the nature of women: he believes we are only to be conquered by authority. Lean on my arm—I will lead you up stairs, and though I dare not stay with you, the good Josepha shall watch by you, till you sleep.”—

Constantia's swimming eyes, gratefully lifted for a moment from the ground, thanked her aunt: she took her arm with a sigh: and slowly advancing from one landing of the stair-case to another, at length reached her own chamber.

No refreshing slumber settled on the heavy eyelids of Constantia: her rest was broken with feverish starts, acute pangs, and all those mixed torments of burning heat and chilling rigors, which precede a violent disorder. Multitudes of hideous spectres seemed gliding through the gloom of her apartment; and sometimes she started from a profound sleep, at the fancied sound of supernatural whisperings.

In the morning, Josepha (an old domestic who had not left her all night) roused the family physician: He found the young Princess delirious, and her fever increasing every hour.

From the moment this intelligence was communicated to the wife of Nuremberg, she refused to abandon Constantia, in what she deemed her last agonies; though her barbarous husband, mut-

tered horrible triumphings, and loaded her with every term of contempt. She watched in the sick chamber, day and night, for seven days, when the fever turned favourably ; and the Prince received a letter, which forcing him to quit home again, left his wife and niece to themselves.

Unconscious of her danger, whose safety was as precious to him as his own honour, Demetrius spent four of these seven days, in waiting for the Canoness's letter ; on the fifth, he concealed it in the appointed place, and for three successive mornings vainly visited the spot, to receive the promised answer. Disappointed and apprehensive, he commissioned Pierre to discover the probable reason of this circumstance ; and Pierre soon returned with the afflicting account of Constantia's illness.

The first shock of this intelligence, awhile bereft Demetrius of every faculty : but no sooner did thought and passion return, than he resolved to brave every thing, and attempt seeing her.

Pierre respectfully and warmly remonstrated against such rashness : but finding his master resolute, he suggested a plausible method of accomplishing his wish. It was to repair in the dark of the evening, disguised as a courier, who brought something of import from the Prince of Nuremberg : so to obtain admittance to the Princess ; whose permission for seeing Constantia, he might then

implore; or at least obtain from her a true statement of his beloved's situation.

This plan (Pierre urged,) could be attended with no other risk than that of the Princess refusing to hear his petition: while a bold attempt at entrance, might subject him to insult, perhaps outrage, from the domestics of the Palace. Nay, it would not bring him a step nearer the object desired, as he could not even then, see Constantia, unless permitted by her aunt.

This prompt and feasible scheme was no sooner heard than embraced by Demetrius: he resolved to make an essay that very evening, when his absence would not be noticed, as Charles was going to leave the confinement of a sofa for the first time, and receive a few friends, who had not hitherto been admitted to his presence. So wild a project, Demetrius well knew, would not receive his sanction: therefore he resolved to conceal it, till success should have absolved him of rashness.

Dinner was over, and the happy family at Baron Ingersdorf's gathering round their desert, when they were delightfully surprised by the entrance of Count Forshiem and his young wife. Demetrius started up with a glow of pleasant recollections, to salute the still-gay Lorenza; while Adelaide rose smilingly, to welcome this new acquaintance; and Leopoldstat embraced Forshiem with a brother's kindness.

“We have lately changed our quarters,” said Forshiem in answer to a question of Marshal Ingersdorf’s, “and being on the very confines of Austria, I could not resist a desire to see Leopoldstat’s recovery with my own eyes: besides, this dear little fool, (whom I have the honour to present to you all, as my agreeable torment for life;) was so impatient to behold the whole circle, that I had no rest, till I obtained leave to depart.”

“Have you not got my letter?” asked Charles.

“I have not had any letter these ten days,” replied his friend, “if you wrote to our last cantonments, it is probably journeying after me.”

Adelaide and her husband exchanged a glance of extreme disappointment; but spoke not.

The conversation then took that turn which always happens, when long-absent friends appear suddenly, and meet in happiness. The circle was too large, and every person in it, too much animated, for a calm or tender tone: the more joyous spirits, gave the strongest impulse; and those that singly would have been serious, became soon, as tumultuously exhilarated as Forshiem himself.

In the midst of their gaiety, Demetrius apologized for the necessity he was under of keeping an appointment which he could not evade; but expressed a warm hope of finding the party still together, when he should certainly return to supper.

No one noticed that he spoke with agitation, ex-

cept Charles, who was struck with his manner, and beckoned him to approach. His thoughts were startled at the suspicion of another duel between his brother and Nuremberg.

“Why are you so agitated, Demetrius,” he whispered, and anxiously pressed his hand, “for Heaven’s sake tell me, whether the Prince of Nuremberg has discovered—”

“He knows nothing about me,” hastily answered Demetrius, “I am not going to meet him: he is far off—surely Charles there is nothing wonderful in having an appointment? and mine, believe me, is not one to alarm any-body.”

“You are sure of it?”

“Certain,” and the sunny smile which for a moment brightened the face of Demetrius, composed his brother: he shook his hand affectionately, and released him.

Demetrius hastened into the garden, at the end of which, Pierre was in readiness, with the courier’s dress.

“’Tis like to be a dreadful night,” said the man, as he thrust his master’s fine hair under a huge leather cap.

“No matter,” replied Demetrius, “I care very little what sort of a night it proves, if I may but see my Constantia—and find her indeed safe”—his full heart stopped the speech.

The quick flashes of lightning that now vibrat-

ed every instant through the trees ; and the distant thunder which began to mutter low and deep among the clouds, rather appalled Pierre : he expressed some apprehension for the horse his master was to ride, which he had tied to a tree at some distance from the garden gates : and indeed the poor fellow was so eager to get out of danger himself, that he scarcely gave Demetrius time to adjust half his novel accoutrements.

The night was sultry, and so still, that except the repeated peals of thunder, no sound was heard to drown the voices of Pierre and his master : they were therefore, forced to speak in whispers ; and to open the iron gates, with extreme precaution.

A broad sheet of lightning quivered on their surface, when Demetrius impatiently threw them open, and rushed into the road. He looked back towards the house ; thought of the affectionate circle he had left there ; and breathing a prayer for success and his Constantia, took the road to her uncle's palace.

CHAP. X.

"IS not my brother come yet?" asked Leopold the next morning, when, leaning on the arm of his wife, he entered the breakfast parlour.

Count Forshiem answered in the negative, gaily adding, "since he seems resolved to spoil our breakfast as he did our supper, by making it wait for him, we must enter into a resolution not to forgive the truant trick he played us last night. Unless the gallant gentleman can make a very good excuse for himself, I think the dignity and charms of these fair ladies, have been grossly insulted."

"The charms of some lady, as fair as our's," observed the Baron, "may have tempted him to forego our supper."

"It's more likely," interrupted the Marshal, "that the provoking puppy has caught an atrocious cold, and is at this time writhing in bed. He must have been out, in all that storm of thunder and lightning, and rain, and so I'll post off to his lodgings, and see after him."

As the Marshal took up his hat, Charles thanked him with a bow and a smile ; and the two Countesses laughingly bade him bear their eternal enmity to Demetrius, for having thrown such a stigma on their joint attractions.

“ I fear there is something deucedly inhuman in this Austrian air,” exclaimed Forshiem, “ for I protest to you all, that not even the woeful supposition uttered by the Marshal as he vanished just now, has been able to damp the ardour with which I contemplate my breakfast. Are you hungry good folks, or are ye not ? I profess myself famishing : and therefore, mean to fall upon the bread and ham, this very moment, and for these very reasons :—

“ If my friend Demetrius is only idle and insolent I should be a great fool to stay my appetite for such a coxcomb : if he is *sickish*, we shall all be so miserable upon it, that I know none of us will dare to ask for anything to eat. I really cannot grieve on an empty stomach : if I don’t replenish myself with food, I have no strength to groan ; and if I don’t drink, I can shed no tears.”

“ But you can harangue pretty stoutly,” interrupted his wife, “ and so fast and so fluently too, that it is the mutual interest of the Countess and me, to silence you with your breakfast immediately. If we don’t do so, your noisy tongue will have wearied every body’s attention, before we can claim our female privilege, and use our’s.”

The table was now quickly surrounded and the liveliness which every one assumed to drive away the uneasiness visible in the face of Leopoldstat, soon awakened his sportive wit, and made the time of the Marshal's absence, pass less anxiously.

The Baron and Count Forshiem were in the midst of a whimsical dispute, when the latter was told that a person wanted to speak with him in the anti-room : he obeyed the summons. What was his surprise to behold, Marshal Ingersdorf with a face as pale as death, and scarcely able to speak from agitation !

Forshiem stood aghast. "What has happened?" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

"He has never been at home!" exclaimed the Marshal, "they know nothing of him."

"Who do you mean? the people at his lodgings?"

"Yes!—they have not seen him since yesterday; when he was there to dress for dinner. Heaven only knows whither he can have gone, or what has become of him!—"

Solicitous to quiet the alarm in which he now partook largely himself, Forshiem rather inconsiderately suggested, that he might have supped with a party of wild young men, drank too much wine, and been betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of every body else, by the allurements of some pretty opera girl; that if this party were held at

one of the company's villas it might be a mile or two off; and so his late appearance was natural.

At mention of an opera girl, the Marshal roughly snatched his hand out of Forshiem's, angrily saying, "No Sir! this headstrong boy was once the victim of passion; but I'd stake my life, he would never submit to be the slave of sense."—

Forshiem's frank avowal that he really spoke what he was far from believing himself, reconciled the Marshal: in the midst of their discourse, Charles appeared.

His anxious, eager countenance, instantly caught the infectious paleness of theirs: at that moment, Forshiem almost wished the earth would open and swallow him, for his late unseasonable buffoonery; but he hastened to atone for it, by calming his friend's worst fears.

"I must see these people myself:" said Charles after Forshiem ceased, "you know I cannot go to them; they must be sent for—will you, my dear fellow, hasten to the Prince of Nuremberg's, and learn whether the Prince be there; whether in short, it be possible, that a duel with him"—he stopped, overcome for an instant, then resumed hastily, "did you see his servant, Sir?—surely *he* could tell where his master went last night."

"His servant is missing too."—replied the Marshal. At this intelligence Leopoldstat, struck with the most horrible suspicion, was transfixed to

the spot: the Marshal eyeing him, shook off a tear, and said in a tremulous voice, "I could almost wish, I had never burned my fingers with touching any of you!—I thought that I had worked out my own happiness, and that of a dozen other folks besides, and I'm like to find the very reverse. I tell you Forshiem, this Demetrius has caused us all more heart-aches, than ever he'll be worth ducats. I wish I had him here, only for five minutes!—if the puppy *does* shew his face again, mind, I'll not look at it. He may come when he likes, and go when he likes, for I'll never notice one of his actions. His brother in such a state too!—I'll never forgive him—if he's above ground, I'll never forgive him."—

Marshal Ingersdorf left the room as he concluded, in order to send for the persons Leopoldstat wished to question. Both Charles and Forshiem remained silent.

Their continued absence could not but excite some uneasiness in the ladies and Baron Ingersdorf: Adelaide ventured to seek them; and soon afterwards, the cause of all this mystery, spread dismay throughout the house.

The persons inhabiting the place where Demetrius had apartments, now appeared. They merely repeated Marshal Ingersdorf's first account; except that they remembered seeing Pierre come in at night, with two other men, and go up to his mas-

ter's room, where they staid only a few minutes, and went out again all together.

The Marshal had himself been again to the lodgings ; had opened all the drawers and bureaus, but finding every thing safe, and not a single paper that could lead to information, concluded Pierre was innocent of what they suspected—a robbery.

“ Charles ! my dear Charles ! ” cried Adelaide approaching him, as he sat speechless with grief and perplexity, “ we alarm ourselves too much, perhaps ; is it not possible that Constantia and he, may last night, have been so imprudent as to fly together ? ”—

Her husband started : joy flashed over his face : “ O my dear Adelaide,” he cried, “ I would purchase that conviction, I believe at the price of half my dearest hopes.”—

She blushed, as he pressed her to his bosom, while she softly whispered, “ Is it me, or your child, you would resign ? ”—

“ Not you, dearest angel of my life ! ” Charles replied, “ nor yet—O neither ! neither.”—

Count Forshiem who had been some time absent, now re-entered ; alas ! he was destined to destroy their momentary hope. The Prince of Nuremberg was at —— on state business : the Princess hearing Count Forshiem's errand, ventured to admit him ; and had herself not only told him this, but assured him Constantia was just pronounced out of danger from a brain fever.

Here ended this feeble ground for consolation. Forshiem, the Baron, and the Marshal, were again dispersed in search of information: one was charged with scrutinizing all parts of Vienna for the suspected Pierre; the other was to procure advertisements, to be circulated in every direction; the last, was to make a tour through the places of public entertainment, which had been open the night before; through all the coffee-houses where he might have been seen, or where some person might be found, who could give account of him.

Charles, meanwhile, employed himself and his wife, in writing notes to different young men, whom they had heard Demetrius mention: hoping to obtain, through some one of these various channels, a key to the mystery.

The day closed without a single discovery. No one had seen Demetrius, since the moment in which he left the room at Baron Ingersdorf's; and Pierre's very few associates, proved their complete ignorance of his concealment. Officers of justice were now in search of this man; and to his capture and confession, Leopoldstat secretly looked for all that he should ever hear again of his beloved brother.

There was no sorrow on earth, strong enough to conquer Charles's consideration for those around him. He stifled every expression of grief, or impatience; and it was only by his continual though

suffocated sighs, that Adelaide found during the night, that he never slept.

Unable himself to walk, or even to bear the quick motion of a carriage, Leopoldstat was obliged to delegate his duty to others. Again his active friends commenced new inquiries; again returned unsuccessful: letters, messages, visitors, came every hour to the gate of the house, but each came to profess the same ill-fortune.

Count Forshiem was at length forced to abandon his share in a task which he performed with a brother's zeal: the truce was just terminating; every officer was recalled to his regiment, and he could no longer remain from his. He departed, leaving Lorenza as a companion for Adelaide, whose spirits failed under the sight of her husband's distress, and the pressure of her own.

During a week's hopeless search, the thoughts of ~~Forshiem~~ Leopoldstat often reverted to Colonel Wurtzburgh: it is true, that he had received from this gentleman, a very strong and amazed denial of his having the slightest knowledge of Demetrius, or his concerns; but still, an instinctive suspicion haunted him like a spectre, and like a spectre vanished when he would have scrutinized it.

How, or why Wurtzburgh should have a share in his brother's disappearance, he could not form an idea:—Wurtzburgh was with his regiment near Ingolstadt;—Wurtzburgh had of late, (at least when

they met in Ulm,) been friendly, but not forward: why, then, did he suspect the poor man?—He could not answer the question; yet for all that, suspicion itself, was not silenced.

Pierre, unluckily, had been once the Colonel's servant; and the association of ideas which this circumstance naturally produced, together with Wurtzburgh's dubious conduct at Bolzano, prevented Charles from being thoroughly just.

While uncertain of his brother's fate, his own inaction appeared to him like a crime: yet what could he do; where turn, with any shadow of hope?—Without he could be present at the same time, in every part of the globe at once, he could not be sure that he was not journeying from the very country that contained the object he sought; and without he had some assurance that Wurtzburgh or the Prince of Nuremberg, were concerned in the affair, he had not a single claim upon them, for a decisive answer to the questions his soul burned to urge.

Nothing but the discovery of Pierre was likely to unravel the mystery: and for his detection, he now exerted every power of money and of influence.

A fortnight had elapsed, when Baron Ingersdorf, (having previously assured himself that Adelaide was in her dressing-room,) entered the apartment of Charles. The deepest concern was settled on his amiable countenance; his hands shook as he

took one of Leopoldstat's within his, and strenuously pressed it. "My dear Nephew," he said, "I trust you are prepared for something very like a confirmation of our worst fears! I have just now come from a spot nearly a league off, where a countryman has discovered——" He faltered; the fixed eyes of Charles alone urged him to proceed—"Has discovered," he resumed, "the clothes of your brother. They were concealed among the bushes of a thicket; but after diligent search, we conclude, that as the river runs near—his body——"

Charles suddenly broke from the Baron's grasp with all the force of his former strength: he started not; but his eyes shot forth a wild and lurid fire, as he flew with frightful haste towards the door of another apartment.

"Follow me not!"—he wildly exclaimed, pushing away the Baron who would have entered with him; "Leave me!—leave me to my own heart—and Heaven!"

So saying, he closed the door with precipitation, and appeared no more for the rest of the day.

The good Baron, alarmed at this despair might have upon Adeline, devised a method of getting her dispatched a letter to Madame, with instructions for her conduct herself to his niece, with the

see her immediately. Having said that the Count was engaged with people on business, he got her to leave the house without seeing him; and certain that Madame de Reusmarck would detain her by civil force, until the evening, he returned to wait the moment of his nephew's reappearance.

By the time Count Leopoldstat had sufficiently mastered that mighty grief, which almost crushed the very centre of life, he quitted his solitude, and joined a melancholy conference, now held between Baron Ingersdorf, and the Field Marshal.

Adelaide's situation, rendered it nearly criminal to shock her with so dreadful a discovery: and as it had always been the Count's wish to have his child born under his own paternal roof, it was agreed that preparations for their immediate journey to Hungary, should be commenced.—His wounds not yet healed, and his debilitated health prevented the possibility of his sharing in the future campaign; and as he had unlimited leave of absence from the Commander in Chief, it had long been his intention to breathe the pure air for some months.

Baron Ingersdorf voluntarily resigned the gratification of accompanying his son and daughter: he devoted every thought and every hour, to the discovery of that wretch Pierre, who was loved by them all, as the mur-

Pierre's crime astonished,

and sometimes staggered their conviction, when they reflected upon the small inducements he had to commit it. Except the miniature of Constantia, encircled with diamonds, which Demetrius wore constantly next his heart; and a very small sum of money in his purse; he carried nothing about with him, to tempt any but a hardened villain, to the act of murder. Yet, what other motive could engage Pierre to destroy the gentlest and most generous of masters? If he were only the instrument of another's vengeance, (as Charles firmly believed) the clue to a discovery was lost.

Forshiem. no sooner entered Bohemia, than he repaired to ———, where to his utter disappointment, he found the Canoness had just breathed her last.—After her death, (which was sudden,) no person appeared to have met with the appeal of Constantia, amongst her papers; and no person came forward, as if entrusted with the secret. Whether the letter in reply, therefore, had or had not been her production, was now left in doubt for ever.

At this period, the safety of his wife was the first consideration with Leopoldstat: he secretly covenanted with himself to wait till there was no longer any cause for solicitude; mean while, to use every means afforded by nature and by art, for his own restoration, and then to revisit Austria, with the full determination of keeping a never-

closing eye upon all the actions of Wurtzburgh and the Prince of Nuremberg.

“My spirit shall not sleep, till I have discovered thy fate!” he repeated to himself, while he thought of Demetrius,—“never, my brother, shall it cease to hover over the objects of its suspicion, till Heaven permits me to blast them with ample retribution!”

When Adelaide returned from her visit to Madame Reusmarck, she heard with surprize, but not dissatisfaction, her husband’s intention of setting out for Leopoldstat the second day after the present. There was nothing precious to her in Vienna, except Constantia, whom she had several times vainly attempted to see. To all her solicitations the Prince of Nuremberg had civilly replied, “his niece was too ill for company.”

She now wrote to him again; and the next morning received a freezing permission.

The spirits of Adelaide, were at present ill-suited to the trial she anticipated: frequently after her carriage was announced, did she rise to go to it, and as often did she sink again upon her chair, weeping and trembling. Constantia had always been inexpressibly dear, for her own sake, and how much more so now, for that of Demetrius!—Charles dreaded the consequence of such a meeting, but forbore to express his fears, lest his wife should yield up the sacred duties of humanity and friend-

ship, to her fondness for him. When her agitation subsided, he led her to the carriage, in which they were then slowly conveyed to the Palace of Nuremberg.

The Prince received Count Leopoldstat; the Princess, led his Countess to Constantia. For some time after the ladies left them, both gentlemen were silent; at last the Prince said coldly,

“I find, Sir, you are still unsuccessful in your search after your brother.—I wish the young Count had not made it my interest to rejoice in a circumstance, which otherwise my esteem for you, would have taught me to lament.”

“I know of nothing, Prince!” replied Charles, severely eyeing him, “that can excuse any man for rejoicing in the probable murder of another.—Surely, no act of my brother’s, privileges even the Prince of Nuremberg, to boast of so monstrous a joy!”—

The Prince turned pale with the violence of that gathering passion, which he had not courage to shew.

“You must allow the Prince of Nuremberg,” he said, “to have some regard to propriety. As the brother of Count Leopoldstat, I should always have treated Count Demetrius with just consideration; but when he preposterously elevated himself to *my* level—when he persisted in retaining the affections of Princess Constantia—”

“And *did* he persist?” Charles eagerly demanded: “When your Highness last saw him, was it not to resign those proud hopes!—Has he since that moment attempted to see or to correspond with the Princess?”—

The penetrating eyes of Leopoldstat, levelled full at the Prince, perhaps put the latter, too soon upon his guard, for evidently checking a fierce reply, he answered peevishly,

“No, I suppose he has not: but the Princess obstinately persists in her attachment, though she knows I have other views for her future establishment.”

“After this confession,” observed Charles, “you will pardon me, Prince, when I frankly tell you, that I consider your conduct unjust; and must insist on your recalling the expression, which produced this unpleasant discussion. Recollect, you wished my brother *had not given you reason to rejoice in his calamitous fate*: you have now acknowledged his innocence; you are therefore bound, as a man of honour, to unsay whatever would make that innocence doubtful.”

Nuremberg instead of replying, walked up and down the room in great agitation. Charles calmly, but in a tone of determination, enforced his demand: his suspicions of the Prince, gathered strength every instant; and he hoped to push this advantage, till the Prince's ungoverned temper

might discover that knowledge of the young Count's clandestine visits, which would furnish him with grounds for further examination.—

“ I should be loth to demand publicly,” resumed Leopoldstat, “ what your Highness seems willing to withhold in private ! but this recantation must be made : yes, Sir ! it must : or I stand disgraced to my brother's memory, and my own conscience, for ever.”

“ Count, you take an unfair advantage of me :” returned Nuremberg, quivering as he spoke, “ You are cool ; my feelings are too keenly engaged, for me to weigh the precise extent of every word's meaning. However, I must repeat, that although I might speak too forcibly of your brother, I am justified in asserting that it is unnatural to think he never found means to see or write to Constantia, without my knowledge. Her obstinate constancy, is a proof of it.”—

“ As damning a proof,” Charles sternly exclaimed, “ as the mortal animosity of the Prince of Nuremberg is, of his being the murderer of Demetrius.”—

For the first time, the Prince without changing colour, furiously dared the full blaze of Leopoldstat's eyes : he stood steadily opposite to him for an instant, then said, “ Explain yourself, Sir.”

Amazed but not confounded by this unexpected sign of innocence, Charles answered, “ I do not

accuse you, Prince ; I accuse no one, till furnished with proofs :--but I simply place the one accusation, against the other ; to make you sensible, that if I were inclined to judge of your probable conduct, from your avowed motives, (as you have done by my brother,) my soul would not merely accuse, but condemn you."

Nuremberg was completely silenced ; though his spirit inwardly breathed curses on the man into whose power he was thus betrayed by his own madness. He could no longer refuse the apology which Leopoldstat required: he made it with an ill-grace, adding, "After this humiliating necessity, you cannot be surprised, Count, to learn, that from this morning, I desire we may remain strangers ; and that while Princess Constantia continues under my guardianship, I hope the Countess of Leopoldstat will never force me to the ungracious task of refusing a Lady's request."—He did not wait for any other reply than a dignified bend of the head, which Charles made him, as he darted out of the apartment.

Possessed with all the furies, he hurried to a room near that of Constantia's, where the loud sound of his voice, soon induced his Princess, to part the two friends.—Adelaide then rejoined her Lord, and they left the Palace.

Far from having to comfort, Adelaide herself had been comforted. Constantia seemed inspired

with a conviction of Demetrius's being still alive ; and placed so strong a dependance on this fond imagination, that Adelaide insensibly became a convert to it. Several detached speeches of her uncle's, authorized her in suspecting his knowledge of her meetings with Demetrius ; nay, he had once dropped an expression which strongly indicated a suspicion at least, of her application to the Canoness : he had been the first to tell her, that her lover was missing ; and had uniformly tried to persuade her, that his own rash hand had shortened his life.

The very admission of that friend whose visits he had hitherto refused, was another ground for believing he knew that Demetrius was removed from the chance of injuring him : for concealed, not killed, Constantia thought him. Her uncle's disposition might lead him to great enormities ; to the violation of law, of personal freedom, of all those ties which bind men of common honesty together ; but she was incapable of supposing him so abandoned of humanity and the dread of future punishment, as to become a deliberate murderer.

She conceived that Pierre had betrayed his master's confidence ; was accessory to his disappearance : and that most likely on the offer of a great reward, would one day discover the place in which Demetrius was then immured.

Actuated by these ideas, she charged Adelaide to have new advertisements sent to every popular

paper throughout Europe, addressed to this Pierre, offering him an enormous recompense to discover the persons concerned.

Her heart smote her, as she spoke, for she could not forget that Nuremberg (who would be eternally disgraced, were he found accessory to the plot,) was her uncle; but the liberty, nay, the life of her blameless Demetrius was at stake, as well as her own earthly peace, and that of Adelaide and Charles: and she gained courage therefore, to offer some of her own wealth for the prosecution of this renewed attempt.

The sudden death of her Bohemian relation, banished the hope of obtaining an immediate release from the tyranny of her uncle; but now, she felt as if that oppression could no longer injure either her health or her spirits. This new and mighty anxiety, by giving a strong impulse to her mind, had renovated her frame;—she thought no more of herself; she remembered only Demetrius; she felt as if she ought not to die, while his fate was unknown, or his wrongs unrevenged.

Pale, wasted, feeble as she seemed, from the effects of her late illness, yet Adelaide saw with delight, life roused up in all her looks: it was not the consuming blaze of feverish energy, but the steady, increasing glow of vital strength.

Animated with a new motive for living, Constantia resolutely refused to indulge herself in lamentation when Adelaide left her: but she was sad;

and sat lost in reflection, when the door of her apartment was thrown open by the Prince.

Standing on the threshold, and beholding her for the first time since her illness, he eyed her altered figure, with a mixture of vexation and malice: "Your exchequer of beauty," he said, insultingly, "will soon be exhausted, child, if you draw on it thus prodigally.—Since neither affection nor authority can reason you out of destroying yourself, go to your glass, and take counsel there: if you have but the vanity of your d—d sex, that will have more effect upon you, than a hundred ghostly lectures."

Consantia turned away without speaking. Irritated at her silence, the Prince continued, "I tell you, girl, you can't afford this waste of good looks: in the season of your greatest abundance, there was none to spare; and now that you have sighed, and groaned, and scolded, and fainted away, the rosy-coloured blood that used to make those features of your's tolerable, believe me they are reduced to very common-place features indeed.

"As to the figure, on which I know you prided yourself,—your neck, your arms, your finely-rounded shape,—it's all vanished: gone for ever, my poor damsel! and if it were not for the beauties that still exist in your Venetian estates, I verily believe, no man on earth would take you off my hands."

A momentary flush of resentment on the cheek

of Constantia, convinced the Prince that her rosy-coloured blood was not quite gone ; she gave him a look of disdain, saying, “ Yes, Sir ! there is *one* man ; and he, thank heaven, is the only one to whom I would give this person, changed as it is.”

“ You’d make him a devilish handsome present, upon my soul !” exclaimed her uncle ; tears gushed from Constantia’s eyes, but she concealed them, by averting her head. He continued : “ and who may this *moderate* Gentleman be ?—I pray.”

“ Count Demetrius of Leopoldstat.”

The Prince now burst into a brutal fit of laughter, during which, Constantia hastily endeavoured to pass him. “ Stay, stay, child !” he cried, forcibly pushing her from the door, “ I cannot let you go yet—you are positively very diverting.—So, you would make a present of yourself to a dead man !—why truly, in your present *shadowy* state, the idea’s not amiss ; and I think you would be an admirable match for him.”

“ Dost thou hear him, just heaven !” Constantia wildly exclaimed, shuddering, and closing her eyes, as if unable to look upon such a monster.

Nuremberg now changed his tone : his countenance blackened ; and roughly seizing her arm, he said, (in a voice like distant thunder) “ Wretch ! if thou could’st guess all that I know of thy infernal machinations !—I owe thee no pity—no mercy—and thou shalt find none.”

He flung her from him, with a violence, which threw her against the wall ; but heedless of the act, he remained in her apartment, traversing it with hasty strides. Stung to the quick, by the concession forced from him by Count Leopolstat, he now found one defenceless creature, on whom to pour the vials of wrath. Stopping near her again, he abruptly exclaimed, " You have seen your friend, Madame Leopolstat, I can tell you, for the last time. None bearing that name, shall ever again pollute my house, with their presence."

" Your commands are law in your own house, certainly, Sir," answered Constantia, " of course I shall never again expect to see her here ; but when I am my own mistress—in my own house"—

The Prince interrupted her—" So, you look forward to that event, after all !—I thought what your burning passion would come to !—You, that were dying for this Hungarian Paris, when he was alive, can now live on—aye, and live merrily too—when he is dead !—for my part, I expected to hear of your turning nun at least."

" Your Highness was mistaken then," replied Constantia—" No, Sir ; do not suppose I will ever voluntarily quit the world, while there remains a single hope of finding *him* in it.—Do with me what you please ; but I warn you, that a day of retribution will arrive : as you deal with me now, shall you be requited at my hands hereafter.—You

dare not,—I believe you would not—violently kill me, yet you have not scrupled to use a coward's method for ridding me of life: You have daily insulted, afflicted, and imprisoned me; you have destroyed my youth and my health; you may still do more; but I tell you, there is an *invincible something* in this heart of mine, which will survive all your injuries. Beware of placing yourself too much in my power, lest when I have the means to ruin your unsuspected character, the memory of these outrages should supply me with the inclination."

The Prince now stood as if blinded by lightning; his senses were locked up in amazement at so unexpected a threat:—Constantia seized the moment, and flying past him, got into her waiting maid's room, fastened the door, and cast herself on a couch, completely exhausted.

The very next morning Nuremberg ordered his family to prepare for an immediate journey: soon after, they were all on their way to Venice, where Constantia had a superb mansion, over which the Prince, as her guardian, could rule with as absolute authority as in his own.

CHAP. XI.

IN total ignorance of that painful circumstance, which rendered the murder of Demetrius almost certain, Adelaide quitted Vienna, warm with the hopes which Constantia had awakened.

Yielding to a sweet superstition, she believed that her friend's expectations had something of prophecy in them; and frequently, when the thought of his brother's irreparable loss, blanched the cheek of Leopoldstat, she urged her own fond fancy with all the earnestness of conviction.

He heard her in silence: but the iron grasp of despair, was at his heart.

In consequence of that feebleness which still incapacitated the Count from enduring much exertion, their journey was the work of many days. It was evening when they reached Leopoldstat.

The sun was just setting behind the castle, in the same splendour with which Charles had seen it, when he last visited his home; the convent bell was tolling for vespers; the marble quarry shone with

reflected light. As he beheld it, the beautiful vision of the past, the picturesque objects he had remarked there, the blooming youth of Demetrius, made, for an instant, a frightful impression of reality : he leaned forwards from the window, suddenly recollected himself, and throwing his head back in the carriage, gave way to tears.

How do the gay bubbles of hope and expectation, burst under the noiseless foot of time !—Charles had always promised his soul, a kind of holyday of delight, whenever peace should enable him to take possession of this inheritance, endeared to him as the place of his birth, and the gift of Adelaide ; he now came to it, without one emotion of pleasure.

That sentiment of desolation, which the heart, bereaved of a dear object, spreads over all creation, seemed in his imagination to have fixed its eternal throne at Leopoldstat. It “breathed a browner horror o’er the woods ;” it chilled him in the thundering torrent, and the sweeping storm ; it pervaded every sound, and every view ; and rendered the expected birth of his child, only an important event, that would forever calendar the date of his direst calamity.

But he refused indulgence to a sentiment, which, if suffered to increase, palsies the firmest souls, and takes from them, both the power and the will, to fulfil their appointed duties. He sought society : he directed all the tenderness of his nature, towards his

wife ; he strove to surround her with that tempered cheerfulness, so agreeable to elegant minds ; and often in the fond attempt at making her happy, nearly rendered himself so.

In the company of Madame Forshiem, and the occasional visits of the prior from St. Xavier's, two months passed away : at the expiration of that time, he became a father. What a multitude of strange, delightful emotions, pervaded him, when he took his child, for the first time, into his arms !—They effaced every former impression ; they spread bliss throughout his soul ; as if he were suddenly endued with a new and more exquisite sense, than any hitherto known : or as if he waked in heaven, and found himself etherialized amidst beatitude.

He stood long wrapt in this trance, without moving his eyes from the infant's face, and scarcely breathing : at last, some other person's action, disturbed the babe ; it waked, and it cried. The dream now ended : the father's mind was instantly crowded with images of care and sorrow ; and the idea of Demetrius, like a piercing pain momentarily lulled, returned with apparently tenfold strength.

It was different with Adelaide. The birth of their child, was to her a circumstance that still further abstracted her from other considerations : it had long been dearly familiar to all her thoughts ; it was ever blended with some solicitude about herself, and far more about her husband. His disappointment if

the babe should be born dead, and his grief if she should perish, occupied her incessantly. She could never forget that an hour of trial and anxiety awaited her ; and therefore dwelling so much on one object, weakened her perception of another.

When first she prest the infant to her bosom, the emotion she felt, was not like Charles's, new and bewildering ; it was but the same bliss, perfected and secured, which had often before, thrilled transiently, through her frame.—She saw in it, an innocent creature, to love and to protect ; one that was henceforth to be entirely dependent upon her tenderness ; and full of a conviction, at once so sacred and so sweet, she surrendered herself to happiness : half-believing, that since so much was already given, Providence would not deny the rest.

The birth of this babe, therefore, was to her, a good omen ; but to Charles a sad memorial.

It was now, December, and the dying year had been as fatal to the hopes of Germany, as to the domestic peace of Count Leopolstat.

Fluctuating and weak, the councils of the Austrian cabinet, while they changed their measures, only varied their methods of being contemptible : given up to petty jealousies, party cabals, and female influence, they had planned without judgment, and acted without concert. In giving the command of the armies to the Archduke Charles, they had ever contrived to neutralize the wisdom of such a

choice, by referring his operations to the Aulic council; which deciding at a distance, upon plans that he formed where they were to be executed, and of which promptness was the very life, seldom judged rightly, or decided with sufficient dispatch.

The grand army, during this campaign, had been committed to another General, as brave, but not so penetrating; one, who was equally fettered by useless restrictions, and who consequently could not be expected to emulate his predecessor's glory.

After the conclusion of a second armistice, Prince Charles was solicited to accept again the important post of Commander in Chief. He stipulated for full powers; and they could no longer be withheld.

Austria had sought her protector too late. On repairing to head-quarters, the Archduke found an ill-provided army, dispirited, and broken to pieces: he had not time to seek those resources which his inventive genius instantly suggested, for the enemy swept forwards like a resistless sea, and to wait their approach was to court inevitable destruction.

Their tide of success still rolled terribly on: he was driven back towards Vienna; from which the affrighted inhabitants fled with the precipitation of despair.

The Prince now saw, that peace only could save his country: stifling, therefore, all those selfish sensibilities to popular or particular opinion (which often stimulate men to the prosecution of an object that

they know will fail them at last); he abandoned a vain attempt; signing a truce at Steyer, which was but the prelude to a final termination of the war in the ensuing year.

As the news of every defeat reached the retirement of Count Leopoldstat, he reflected with more embittered regret, on his inability to share in those exertions and disasters, which, made and suffered with an unsubdued heart, in a good cause, are so many crowns of glory to a patriot soldier. He contemplated the growing power of France with dreadful forebodings: and when a pacification was finally concluded, while others gave themselves up to careless joy, he saw in this delusive peace only that horrid calm which precedes an earthquake: he saw that France would gather accumulated force from this temporary restraint, and would at length burst over the whole Continent, in one wide war of extermination.

It was perhaps fortunate for Count Leopoldstat, that public affairs so often wrested his thoughts from their usual subject: for the days, the weeks, the months passed, and nothing transpired about Demetrius.

Pierre seemed to have vanished;—Colonel Wurtzburgh was quietly going through the routine of his duty in garrison; and the Prince of Nuremberg remained shut up with his family in Venice. All those glimmering lights, which in newspapers

and mistaken intelligence, had successively started up and disappeared, served only to deepen the gloom which enveloped the mystery.

Charles began to relinquish even the dreary hope of discovering the destroyer of his brother: but with the hope, he would not abandon the attempt. No sooner was the safety of Vienna ascertained, by the peace of Luneville, than he quitted Hungary, taking with him his wife and child, and the amiable Madame Forshiem. It was his intention to leave them under the care of his uncle and father-in-law, while he seized the opportunity of passing into France, and trying to find out the abode of Pierre. For that he had returned to his native country, he now no longer doubted; and that he was the criminal, he had never scrupled to believe.

The advice of Count Forshiem awhile delayed this plan. Forshiem had lately heard from the agent on his estate in Goritia, of a stranger, (a Frenchman too,) who had engaged one of his houses; and who, though vulgar in his mien and manners, lived in great wealth: the unwillingness with which this man spoke of himself, or his affairs, together with some mistake which had arisen from persons inquiring after him by different names, made Forshiem suspect that their search was now ready to end. He communicated the matter to Leopolstat; and as he was then going to this estate with his wife,

he offered either to prosecute the inquiry alone, or to make him his companion.

Charles determined upon the latter; and they set out immediately.

After a few days journey, the travellers did not reach Count Forshiem's house, till midnight: at such an hour no excuse could be formed for invading the privacy of a stranger, and therefore the friends were obliged to make a merit of necessity, and defer their visit till the morning.

Anxiety amounting to torture; feelings which had just enough of hope in them, to rack and to agonize, (and compared with which, the death of desperate certainty would have been blessedness,) kept the eyes of Charles from closing during the night. He left his restless bed at the dawn of day, and impatiently waited for the appearance of Forshiem, who seemed to sleep as if he had taken an opiate.

In consequence of the war in Italy, Soldini had accepted for himself and niece, the asylum offered by Count Forshiem: they had long been established in Goritia, and were now introduced to the brother of their lost favourite, Demetrius. Lorenza made breakfast with trembling hands; for she partook warmly in the general anxiety, and inwardly breathed a prayer for their success, as they took the path towards the stranger's.

When they reached the house door, Charles (at-

though wrapt in a large cloak) drew back that he might not be known: Forshiem advanced. What was their mortification, to find the man they sought, was already out! On questioning the servant, they learnt that he was gone with some guests, to see the mines at Idria. They resolved to follow him: the place to which the servant directed them was not half a league off; and the answers he gave to some questions of Leopold's, stimulating them with fresh hope, they proceeded forwards.

At the mouth of the principal shaft, they were told that Monsieur Bernadotte (such was the stranger's name;) had descended into the mine with two other foreigners. Eager in the pursuit, and fearful of losing his prey, Charles proposed going down after him: Forshiem consented.

At any other period than this, in which the thoughts of both, were too much occupied to regard outward circumstances, neither Forshiem nor Charles, would have seated themselves without shuddering, in the dismal machine, which precipitated them, above a hundred fathoms below the surface of a steep mountain.

They descended in complete silence, and total darkness: no sound broke the hideous stillness, but the whirring noise of the ropes and pullies by which they were let down; and when they alighted, only a pale lamp, glimmering here and there among caverns as black as Erebus, served to mark with

greater precision, the horror and vastness of the place.

At first, nothing was discernible by Charles, except a wide expanse of blackness, on which, these lamps were mere specks of light: by degrees the darkness seemed to diminish; and he discovered on all sides, ghastly figures flitting through it, like condemned souls. A continued sound as of the pealing of distant thunder, was heard to roll among the caverns: it was the echo of their footsteps.

“Ought we not to find that fiend, in such a hell as this?” whispered Forshiem; his companion shuddered, and sighed profoundly.

A man now approached, and hearing their errand, offered to conduct them to that part of the mine, where Monsieur Bernadotte was resting: they followed him. On advancing to a groupe of persons who were curiously watching the labours of the wretched miners, Charles felt his heart beat with uncontrollable agitation; his limbs failed under him for a moment, and he grasped Forshiem’s arm for support: but quickly recovering, he sprang forwards.

At the sound of his own name, Bernadotte turned hastily round: he lifted up his head, and shewed Charles the face of a stranger.

Had the restoration of his brother’s life depended upon identifying Pierre, in this Frenchman, the disappointment could hardly have been more acute.

“It is not the man!” he exclaimed, while leaving Forshiem to apologize, he hurried into another division of the mine.

The dismal emotions excited by the sight of multitudes, doomed to drink in the poisonous vapour, which they know contain their death; now heightened the wild disappointment of Leopoldstat: as these unhappy wretches lingered along the vaulted cells, he felt something like madness seize upon his brain; and he caught the arm of Forshiem with alarmness wildness.

“Let us quit this horrid place!” he cried, “I am no longer myself!”

Without a conductor, they entered the first opening that offered; it led them along a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit one at a time. Forshiem went first:

“I think we are right,” he observed, “come on.”

Charles followed the passage, till it suddenly spread out into a lofty cavern, where, by the lurid glare of one lamp, he descried a solitary figure, leaning faintly against his mattock and the rock. The man did not alter his position when they entered; but his breathing, quick and labouring, announced the struggles of approaching death.

“Why have you brought me here, Forshiem?” exclaimed Charles, turning hastily away.

While he spoke, the wretched creature he was

viewing, started up; and as if suddenly endued with supernatural strength, rushed forwards, uttering a loud and fearful cry.

At that sound, the blood froze in the veins of Charles: darkness spread before him; all his senses were locked up in horror: he saw not the wild gleam of distracted joy, lighting the features of despair; he heard not the well-known voice, which now convulsively repeated—"O bliss, past hope! I die in these arms, at last!"—

When Forshiem beheld the emaciated figure, sink towards the ground, he believed that the unhappy youth had indeed found his death-bed on the bosom so beloved. He tried to catch him as he fell; but Charles, roused by the action, suddenly clasped the body of his brother, exclaiming, "Hold off! never shall he leave these arms again!"

Leopolstat knew not what he said: yet his nerves turned to steel, grasped the object he held, with a force that seemed to make the grasp eternal: his amazed and haggard eyes, were rivetted upon the breathless Demetrius: his own breath came quick and short: at length large drops of moisture burst out from every pore of his body, and then rapidly melting into softness, he exclaimed, "Thou that wast the pride of my heart, the delight of my eyes, is it thus that I find thee!" Tears gushed forth with the words; and then he wept long and violently,

For many years after this moment, did the memory of his brother's dreadful cry, distemper the soul of Charles: in the midst of camps, or brilliant assemblies; even by the hearth of domestic peace, it would suddenly wither his heart, and blanch his cheek. Often since, has he started from sweet sleep, fancying the thrilling sound repeated, and dispersing the slumbers of Adelaide, by his own terrifying exclamation.

As Demetrius slowly recovered, his brother eagerly besought Forshiem to bring the governor of the mine to the spot. "We must bear him from this killing place;" he cried, "these noxious vapours—O Heaven, by what miracle is he preserved to me!"—Demetrius opened his eyes, and a languid smile, but full of happiness, illumined his features. Again Charles clasped him to his heart; and again melted into tenderness.

The governor of the mine now entered with Count Forshiem: he expressed the utmost regret at his inability to give Demetrius even one day's liberty; but offered every comfort and assistance within his power.

Leopolstat promised to be answerable for his brother's re-appearance, with his own life; assured him, that whatever might be his imputed crime, he was certain of his innocence; and that from his influence at Court, he reckoned confidently upon an order for his immediate release.

The governor remained firm; and his second denial, informed his astonished hearers, that the young Count was condemned on the plea of holding a traitorous correspondence with the enemy.

This charge, so preposterous, and apparently so false, re-animated the efforts of Leopoldstat: he denounced it in terms of vehement indignation; which, with his known character of loyalty and patriotism, softened the severity of the governor's judgment: but he still adhered strictly to his duty; tempering it, however, by granting Demetrius a cessation from toil, and allowing his brother to remain with him alone.

While this arrangement was making, Forshiem hastened to quit the mine, in order to obtain all that was necessary for the renovation and temporary comfort of Demetrius. Zealous in every thing good, he rapidly drew together a multitude of comforts, which he dispatched by Soldini, with a note to Charles, purporting, that he was then setting off for Vienna, to throw himself in his name, at the feet of the Archduke, from whose interference he expected to obtain an order for the removal, if not the complete enlargement of his friend.

"I know you will not leave him;" he wrote, "and I must: no time should be lost, in applying for his release. The very secrecy with which this affair has been conducted, proves its iniquity.—Be assured, I will not cease my importunities to the

Prince, to the ministers, to the Emperor himself, till I have wrung from them, a promise of thorough investigation."

This billet, found Charles seated in an excavation of the mine ; holding one hand of his brother's in his, as he lay stretched along the bed which he had formed for him out of his pelisse.

Brought to the verge of the grave, by those pestilential vapours, which continually exhale from quicksilver, and wearied "with hope deferred," Demetrius was nearly deprived of life, by the suddenness and excess of his present felicity. He had not been able to answer one of the questions, which the impatient affection of Charles frequently prompted ; but he had gathered strength enough to ask whether Constantia survived his loss. The assurance of her renovated spirit, and the delight with which Charles spoke of Adelaide and his child, were so many cordials to the other's sick heart.

In his youth, Soldini had studied the art of medicine, with a benevolent intention of uniting it, with his duties as a spiritual physician : He was therefore competent to judge of young Leopoldstat's case ; and he now prescribed for him, with equal tenderness and skill.

It was in vain that he besought Charles to transfer his charge : nothing could prevail on that fond brother, to lose sight of Demetrius for a moment. He consented to take every precaution for himself,

against the mercurial fumes of the mine, but resolutely refused to quit it.

As Demetrius had suffered far more from the complete extinction of hope, than even from the unwholesome air of this subterraneous prison, he was renovated in proportion to the glow of his happiness. His little play-fellow, Simmonetta, braved the terrors of a descent, and often visited him : her pretty endearments beguiled his thoughts from subjects of keener agitation, yet communicated, to them all a secret assurance, that love and affection still existed for his recompense.

He lay almost in a trance of weakness, for several days ; but it was a trance of delicious feelings, which spread its healing balm throughout his frame. When Charles ventured to disturb him with questions, he learnt by degrees all that Demetrius knew of his own situation.

It amounted to no more than that, on the night he had quitted home, with an intention of seeing Princess Constantia, he had been suddenly arrested in the Emperor's name and borne off to the state-prison :—That he was there examined on the charge of corresponding with the enemy ;—shewn a casket which he had received from Constantia, and which was found to contain several letters from a French officer, of whose name he was profoundly ignorant. That a forged letter was then produced, and sworn to, by Pierre, as one which

his master had entrusted to him, for the purpose of forwarding, and which containing several state secrets, was admitted to be a full proof of his guilt : That, as he refused saying who gave him the casket in which these treasonable papers were found ; and as he was taken in a disguise which must have been assumed for some unlawful purpose, he was summarily condemned as a traitor, and sentenced for life, to the mines.

“ It is now, nearly six months ;” he added, “ since I entered this living grave. O Charles, if you could guess what I have suffered !—every moment of that tedious time, has been marked to me by some hope, some expectation, or some bitter disappointment. How could I imagine that my fate should have been thus concealed from you ?—I rested at first securely on a speedy release ;—I believed, that every instant was then seized by my friends to disprove my accusers, and restore my liberty : but this security changed to anxiety, to doubt, to fear, to despondence, at last to despair ! There were moments, I confess—infirm, unworthy moments—when I fancied myself forgotten !—yet I loved you all, still : and my last sigh should have mingled your name and Constantia’s together.”

A blush crossed the face of Charles, but it was not for himself he blushed. Demetrius who had saved his life at Moskirk, who had been the object of his solicitous tenderness, for so many years, ought

to have founded his reliance on him, as upon a rock. A momentary pang wrung his heart ; but he looked at his brother's enfeebled form, and found in it an immediate excuse for this distrust.

“ You were not yourself, Demetrius,” he replied, kindly, “ when you doubted any of us. Sickness, and these surrounding glooms, had distempered your healthful convictions.”

Demetrius answered with ardent sensibility, and a mutual embrace sealed the oblivion of his fault.

CHAP XII.

TO elucidate that mystery, with which Demetrius himself, was but imperfectly acquainted, it will be necessary to go back to the period in which he and Colonel Wurtzburgh parted at Ulm.

Never had this cold-blooded villain lost sight of his grand aim, the destruction of Count Leopold's peace. But more and more convinced that Charles was guarded round, by too potent a circle of discretion, self-command, and approved integrity, to be vulnerable in his own person, he watched the erratic course of Demetrius, with the hope of seizing upon him, in some fortunate maze of imprudent passion.

As he advanced on his tract of deceit, new views opened before him, and new plans suggested themselves.

At first, he directed his efforts to inflame the Prince of Nuremberg's animosity ; to stimulate the love of Demetrius ; and to render the life of Princess Constantia so miserable, as might force her into

precipitate flight: in that case whether Demetrius escaped with her to another country, or was seized in Austria, his end would be accomplished. Charles would be bereaved of a brother, who must either preserve his safety by perpetual exile, or suffer the punishment of his audacity, in endless imprisonment.

Wurtzburgh's secret correspondence with the Prince, enabled him to push his scheme with admirable effect. He beguiled many circumstances from Demetrius, which he communicated to Nuremberg; and at the same time so adroitly mixed the basest falsehoods with this small portion of truth, that the Prince learnt to consider the young Leopoldstat, as a deadly enemy, who waited but for the moment of power, to rise and crush him.

This apprehension of future vengeance, joined to Nuremberg's preposterous notion of their vast inequality, to his rancour at the remembrance of their duel, and the rich inheritance which he had taken from him, altogether worked on the Prince's heart, like some corrosive poison: he became every day less just, and more ferocious; and no longer examining the details of Wurtzburgh, drank them in, with greedy wilfulness. The hatred which he could not vent in torture upon Demetrius, he poured without mercy over Constantia; little imagining that he was the dupe of a deeper villain than him-

self, who was thus prompting him to the conduct, that probably led to the very event he deprecated.

The liking which young Leopoldstat took to Pierre, the Colonel's servant, opened a new train for his Satanic master. This fellow had long been his confidant on other matters, and he had therefore no hesitation in confiding in him.

Whenever Pierre should be taken into the vicinity of Princess Constantia, he was to make himself needful to his future master; was to force out his secret, and become, if possible, the adviser and agent of the lovers' flight. By this means Wurtzburgh knew he should always have a key to their retreat; and might apprize Nuremberg, when the crime of Demetrius was sealed by his union with the Princess.

Constantia's determination against elopement was the first obstacle to these expectations; but her subsequent appeal to the Canoness, became a fatal engine, in the hands of Wurtzburgh.

Pierre went not to Bohemia, but turned his horse towards an obscure country-house, where the Prince of Nuremberg and his former master were to meet. The Colonel was not long in determining upon a new scheme: he tempted Pierre with an enormous bribe; and Pierre could not resist.

With Constantia's catalogue of Nuremberg's cruelties, in his hand, he returned to the Prince. He shewed him what he had to expect; and then

professed to have received a hint from Pierre, which might be improved to the ruin of Demetrius.

The Prince alternately blazing with resentment, and trembling with fear, was in no mood to scrutinize very severely: Wurtzburgh told him a fabricated tale of young Leopoldstat's disloyalty; he believed it, because he wished it true: Pierre was then introduced: he affirmed that his master had frequently, during the campaign, sent intelligence to the enemy, and received great rewards for it; and that he meant to fly into France with the Princess, should she consent to be his companion.

The proofs of this correspondence, he asserted, were lodged in a small casket of which his master took the utmost care: and he then offered to acquaint the Prince with the period in which Demetrius might be seized with least noise.

The Prince accepted this offer; gave him his purse as an earnest of further recompense; and after fabricating an answer to Constantia's letter, dismissed him, and began again to canvass the subject with Wurtzburgh.

The Colonel was aware, that his success depended on secrecy. He foresaw that if the accusation of Demetrius were made public, his brave unsullied brother, would investigate every atom of it: he therefore urged the Prince to use his influence for a private examination; to exert himself in biasing the minds of the council; and above all things,

to demand complete silence ; or else the influence of Count Leopoldstat would defeat his own. Demetrius though condemned, might be pardoned.

This subtle advice was taken : Nuremberg after re-visiting his home, purposely absented himself again : Pierre succeeded in getting his master to assume a disguise, for which he knew he would not assign any reason to the council : and Demetrius thus surrounded by many toils, was taken in them all.

The casket he had received from Constantia, and out of which he had removed the letters for the Canoness : the casket he prized and cherished, was brought from his lodgings by Pierre, and two persons in office, and found to contain a private drawer, filled with mysterious notes, evidently answers to such as had conveyed treasonable intelligence.

Unawed by his master's steady eye, and fearless questions, Pierre persisted in a strain of falsehoods, the enormity of which, could only be equalled by the ingenuity with which they were separately fitted. His confession was accepted as an atonement, for the share he acknowledged having taken in this act of treachery ; and he was therefore permitted to return into France without delay.

As the members of this council were most of them creatures of Nuremberg's, or foes to Baron Ingersdorf, with whom any connection was sufficient to render them severe judges of a criminal,

Demetrius was found guilty. The Emperor's seal was then put to the order for his close confinement in the mines at Idria.

Very plausible arguments, were afterwards urged by Nuremberg, to persuade every person present, of the necessity of secrecy. He spoke in high commendation of the elder Count Leopoldstat, representing the injurious suspicion which might fall upon him, were the treason of so beloved a brother, to become the public talk : distrusted by the soldiery, his talents would then be rendered useless ; and the great expectations now resting on his future services, would be for ever destroyed. He then urged the delicacy of his niece's situation, whose attachment to Demetrius, having been known generally, would subject her also, to the most mortifying animadversions.

These arguments prevailed : secrecy was promised ; secrecy was enjoined to all the inferior agents ; and in a few weeks, the whole business was almost forgotten.

Nuremberg departed for Venice, avoiding any scrutiny of the past ; for there was a monitor, within, that daily charged him with scarce crediting the evidence on which Demetrius had been condemned.

Wurtzburgh returned to his regiment with the greatest privacy ; from whence he occasionally trans-

mitted to Pierre, presents and money, both from himself and the Prince.

Wurtzburgh had achieved his work; was he happy? no!—Remorse, indeed, never knocked at his rocky heart, but the fury, Terror, reigned there, without control. As he daily read the advertisements of reward and pardon, (which the advice of Constantia caused to be increased and continued :) he trembled for the security of his crime: avarice had made Pierre an accomplice in it, avarice, therefore, might tempt him to reveal it.

His fiend-like joy, was now withered: in the acuteness of his own sufferings, he soon lost all remembrance of Count Leopoldstat's; till at length nothing remained, but the consciousness of an atrocious crime, and the hideous prospect of ample retribution.

Pierre, meanwhile, read the different advertisements with sullen discontent; he wished to reap the golden harvest they held out; yet preserved that last spark of virtue, which makes guilt blush to avow itself before integrity. In his letters to Wurtzburgh, he frequently reverted to these temptations, and was never to be silenced except by a liberal remittance.

Wurtzburgh knew himself to be completely in his power. Not only was he obnoxious to discovery respecting Demetrius; but he was liable to a heavier charge: the guilt he had imputed to that

innocent young man, was his own. Not to gratify cupidity, but to satiate hatred, he had, during the campaign, entered into correspondence with a French officer, to whom he revealed every military operation, of which he gained intelligence, when it was either planned by Count Leopolstat, or intrusted to his care. His annoyance, had long been his pleasure ; his ruin, his felicity.

Conscious of the sword which thus hung suspended over him by a single hair, Wurtzburgh obtained rest neither night nor day. Pierre denouncing him, Leopolstat thirsting for his blood, the horrid death of a traitor, were images that haunted him eternally. Under the influence of such impressions, existence was no longer bearable ; and he took the desperate resolution of ending all his fears, with the life of their prime object.

Immediately after the peace, he passed into Franconia, and sent to Pierre, (who was then with the Gallo-Batavian army near Bamberg ;) to meet him in a sequestered spot, where they might confer unmolested, and where he might deliver to him a valuable jewel from the Prince of Nuremberg.

Stupidly secure, Pierre met him alone ; they conferred some minutes together ; when Wurtzburgh having insensibly drawn him towards a dusky thicket, hastily drew out a pistol, and fired it off at his breast. Pierre fell : but at the pistol's report, two Austrian officers broke through the thicket where

they were accidentally loitering, and seized Wurtzburgh.

The voices of these officers, soon brought further aid ; possessed with the phrensy of despair, Wurtzburgh raved and struggled, but struggled in vain ; both he and Pierre were removed to the Austrian head-quarters, where Pierre's deposition was taken down in writing before several witnesses ; and a parcel of papers received from his pocket-book, sufficiently testifying the veracity of his confessions.

This wonderful incident excited the strongest interest throughout the Imperial army : to their gallant companions in war, both the Hungarian brothers, had always been objects of love and admiration : these sentiments now roused up the spirit of vengeance for their sakes ; and Wurtzburgh owed the general abhorrence, perhaps, less to public feeling, than to private regard.

Precisely at the period in which Count Forshiem alighted at the gate of Baron Ingersdorf, one of the officers who had seized the traitor Wurtzburgh, was within, detailing the whole transaction. —The rapturous scene which followed ; the boundless gratitude expressed towards that Almighty Ruler, who had thus willed the fortunate concurrence of two such miraculous discoveries ; the pious ejaculations of the Field Marshal ; the glistening eyes of the Baron ; and the weeping, sobbing trans-

port of Adelaide, are not to be learned from description: every tender heart, can draw a picture sufficiently animated, to render an attempt here, unnecessary.

Tears embellished the rough features of the officer, who witnessed this affecting scene: he had warm feelings, though his exterior promised only that apathy which is too often contracted by familiarity with the miseries of war; and as he requested permission to bear the order for Demetrius's release, (which was not withheld a single moment after the discovery of Wurtzburgh's villainy,) Forshiem would not deny him.

Though in the service of Austria, this officer was one of that nation, so famous for tongues always blundering, and hearts always right: "I burn to see these brave young gentlemen," said he, "or I would not make so bold a request: their very names are as holy and familiar to me, as my Pater-noster. By the good of my soul, I'd rather shake hands with one of them, than see any dead *Haro* that lives!"

"'Tis impossible to doubt such an assertion," replied Forshiem, "well, I'll have the pleasure of presenting you; so allons!"

Again Forshiem was on the road to Goritia, and again the post horses seemed to mock the ardour of his impatience.

He staid scarcely a moment at his own home,

where he exchanged a hasty embrace with Lorenza, while he stammered out the joyful news, and then rode off alone to the mines. He would have taken his companion with him, but the honest Irishman changing colour, said with great emotion,

“Count, I must decline that civility; if these eyes were but *wonst* to look on two such noble creatures, in a dirty hold of a mine, this arm would wither, the first time it struck a stroke for Austria. I’ll never see such a sight, Count, and so I’ll forget it, *clare* out of hand.”

On reaching the mine, Forshiem found Soldini with the brothers: he told his tale like a soldier, without preface; and as there was much of the painful in it, (at least, to benevolent tempers,) neither of his auditors had their joy unmixed.

The immediate removal of Demetrius, followed; Soldini’s care provided against any danger from too sudden a shock of pure air, and he reached Forshiem’s house, much exhausted in body, but exhilarated in spirit.

The gratitude with which Leopoldstat opened his arms to his brother-officer, was increased by the pleasure of beholding in him, the identical Irishman whom he remembered in the Arch-ducal library: Murphy recognised his person instantly, and the adventure was then reverted to, with a gaiety, in which, both Forshiem and his wife largely partook.

The health of Demetrius being inadequate to

so long a journey, as that from Idria to Vienna, obliged the whole party to remain banished from the scene of their warmest wishes. Charles felt his happiness incomplete till he shared it with Adelaide; and Demetrius scarcely trusted the continuance of his, while absent from Constantia.

An official mandate, had recalled the Prince of Nuremberg and his family to the Capital. There, confounded with the crimes of his former associate, and disgraced by universal suspicion, the Prince found himself all at once precipitated from the height of dignity and influence into an abyss of shame. Unable to endure this outward contempt, and inward hatred, he made a merit of necessity; pleaded the deception which had been practised on himself; and as a proof that he was actuated by patriotism rather than private pique, gave his consent unasked, to the marriage of his niece. He then committed her to the protection of Adelaide, and hastened to bury his disgrace in the retirement of the country.

Pierre had died of his wound. Wurtzburgh was publicly arraigned, tried, condemned, and executed as a traitor. The fearful sentence always passed upon such criminals, was tremendously fulfilled on him, before multitudes of soldiers and citizens: His death was shocking, but it excited no pity.

Impatient to behold the objects of his tenderest

affection, Demetrius absolutely wrested Soldini's permission to travel: no sooner was it obtained, than he hastened to commence this passionately-desired journey. His soul was on the wing; and ere the tardy carriage had borne him three leagues from Idria, he had a thousand times embraced in idea, every member of the dear circle at Baron Ingersdorf's.

While he was lost in transporting anticipation Charles, desirous to indulge him in them, took re-weight of conversation upon himself; and delicately drew from the worthy Murphy, a history of his disappointments and cares. Murphy was a poor, unassuming, without interest or fortune, with a wife and five children, and had long been hopeless of the promotion his services merited: Charles had the power to make him happy; and Murphy was soon afterwards raised to the rank he wished.

When Demetrius first entered the room which contained the friends he loved, a mist covered his eyes; he turned from Adelaide to the Marshal, from the Baron to Madame Reusmarck, embracing each, in such wild tumult, as to be hardly sensible who it was that pressed him in their arms. Yet his heart, was full of nothing but Constantia: his sight began to clear, and then he looked round for her.

Unable to endure her joy, before so many witnesses, she had rushed into an adjoining room, the

moment his voice reached her from the hall: Adelaide whispered this to him, and the next instant he was alone with Constantia; clasping her again and again to his bosom, even as he had found her, kneeling upon the ground, in the act of hasty thanksgiving.

The dark velvet dress of Constantia, and the black fur about the uniform and cap of Demetrius, rendered their mutual paleness peculiarly visible: and what was personal alteration to them, who doated and found each other's hearts; who seemed to drink each other's souls, in the pure kiss of virtuous and happy shame!—What was it to them, who saw in each other, the fountain of life, of health, and of joy?—At that blissful hour, every thing sad, was obliterated from the memory of Demetrius; he felt as if entering on a new being; and while his eyes fondly wandered over every lineament of his once blooming Constantia, while gratitude sweetly suggested the cause of her changed person, he murmured out—“Dearer—O heaven! how much dearer!”—Constantia's heart echoed the sentiment, and her glowing eyes revealed it.

Charles first ventured to invade their retirement: while he was speaking to the blushing Princess, and claiming the name of brother, the rest of the exiled party stole in, and Adelaide appeared with her infant. At that sight, Demetrius drew away the arm with which he encircled the waist of

his beloved, and starting up, snatched the babe from its mother: He covered its face with kisses, he held it to his breast with an emotion that surprised himself; "The child of my brother!" he said in thought, over and over again; and as he repeated the magic phrase, a thrill of tenderness ran through his veins.

It was long ere he would part with it: when he did so, Adelaide delivered the smiling boy to its father.

Charles held it awhile in his arms, with unutterable emotion: the spell which had hitherto been laid on its innocent endearments, was broken, for Demetrius was restored. "Now then, my child!" he exclaimed, and pressed it to his lips, "for the first time, I kiss thee, with all the joy, and all the fondness of a father."

His eyes turned from his son to Demetrius, rested on him for an instant, then floating in tears, raised themselves towards heaven.—

IT was in the Castle of Leopoldstat, when every object sparkled with the gay light of summer, that Demetrius received the hand of Constantia.

Blooming as May herself, the Princess had regained all those charms which genuine Love prizes while they are in being, but laments not, when they

disappear ; and the polished cheek of her Demetrius, glowed again, with the lustre of health.

United inseparably to the women they loved ; bound to their various friends by the sweetest ties of obligation ; and gifted with immense wealth ;—the Hungarian Brothers were deeply impressed with this conviction, that superior blessings, demand superior virtues : They now study how to combine magnificence with utility ; and happiness with religious awe : their duties are their enjoyments ; and their riches, “making to themselves wings,” hourly “fly away, as an eagle towards heaven ; in their flight beautiful ; and celestial in their end.”

THE END.

1881



